MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

ROT OF THE CRANBERRY.

The cranberry crop of this State has now come to be of very considerable importance. There are some hundreds of acres of cultivated plantations, not including many bogs that are kept chiefly for the cranberry crop, and on which no great amount of money has been expended. Everything relating to this fruit is of interest both to those who have embarked in the business and to those who own bogs that are capable of use in the cultivation of the cranberry.

Our friends in New Jersey, who are our chief competitors in this business, are beginning to be greatly troubled with the Rot and the Scald, as they call it. Thus far the efforts of the New Jersey Cranberry Association, to discover a remedy for the rot, have been unsuccessful. Liming has not appeared to be in any degree effective. Both in regard to the malady and in the cure or preventives suggested, there is a very wide range of opinion, based upon observations of localities having very great differences of condition. Some growers have attributed it to a fermentation going on in the peaty subsoil or old swamp or pond bottoms, causing the roots to become diseased and the fruit to rot. Others have supposed it to be due to an insufficient or irregular supply of cool water during the hot weather, and consequent exposure to extreme solar heat. The mode of culture has also been considered as a source of disease, and it has been asserted that on natural bogs, the cranberry was healthy and productive. But the exceptions to all these hypotheses are so numerous that no one of them is considered a satisfactory cause. The application of mineral manures has been proposed and particularly that of quick lime, which would sweeten the soil, and prevent the sour fermentation. During the past year, lime has been carefully tried, but without any perceptible effect. So, too, the commercial manures do not, as yet, appear to have prevented rotting.

The scald is very often confounded with rot, both by the growers and the scientific authorities, by whom these have been treated. It is quite different, and seems to be caused by extreme solar heat during the summer, when the vines are not protected by cool water.

The use of lime has been suggested in the preparation of the bog, mixing it with the peaty or muck subsoil, thereby securing a more energetic action of the lime than can occur when the lime is applied on the surface of the growing bog. A similar mode of applying other mineral manures might also be of advantage. But no suggestions or theories are availing against the facts of the practical grower, and these suggestions are given with much hesitancy, in view of the careful and intelligent culture which this crop is receiving in the hands of energetic and persevering cranberry growers. However, the yield is large, and there is plenty of room for experiment; and besides the importance of the crop as one of the staples of our more modern agriculture, is such as to call forth the attention of scientific investigation, and the patient skill of our most practical men.

The area of cranberry ground in New Jersey is increasing from year to year, and this larger acreage of bog for the past year, more than makes up the deficit due to the rot, although this has been worse than ever before. The healthy bogs have been very productive.

We have not as yet been very seriously troubled with these difficulties in Massachusetts, the "fly" and the worm being so far our principal drawbacks. We hope to escape the rot and the scald.

RECLAIMING SWAMP LAND.

This is one of the subjects concerning which we have many questions. Somehow or other farmers have an idea that there is a mine of wealth in the low lands if they only knew how to get at it. We take it that drainage lies at the foundation of all successful attempts at reclaiming swamp land. Get the water out and success is comparatively sure. But most people are impatient of results, and think that ought to end the matter. They don't go far enough. A reclaimed swamp needs time to show the best results, and some go to work and cart on sand and gravel. We have seen many efforts in this direction that have proved anything but satisfactory or profitable in results. Cultivation must follow and with that a liberal supply of manure.

Large expenditures in carting mere sand or gravel upon swamp land, for the purpose of converting it to English meadow, are usually injudicious and unprofitable. If the natural soil contains sufficient silex to render it solid when drained, any addition is unnecessary; if it does not, the needed supply may be found in substances which have a value independent of their hardening properties. Pure gravel will tend only to sterility; pure sand will induce a vigorous growth of rushes and of nothing else. When some application of this kind is deemed necessary or desirable, the surface soil of upland too porous to retain moisture, and, consequently, too dry to be productive as it lies, mixed with an equal amount of the subsoil immediately beneath it, is probably the most appropriate material for the purpose, the process being, virtually, that of carrying the soil to the water, where the water fails to come to the soil. The bringing together of these two elements, by artificial means and in the right proportion, is a costly operation; but when it is accomplished the capacity for future production will be limited only by the ability or willingness of the owner to furnish plant food in some of its numerous forms.

THE SCOTCH LARCH.

If any reader of the *Ploughman* is intending to attempt the cultivation of the larch, it is important that he should take pains to import them early in the season. In a note from Mr. Fay, whose highly interesting and practical article on Forest Plantations we presented two weeks ago, he says: "They should be here as soon as the ground will admit of their being set out, not later than the first of April. Of many thousands of trees that I have imported, deciduous and evergreen, I have never lost any, except the Larch, and these only in my later shipment. At first, I thought it arose from heating on the voyage, but it was only the fermentation of growth. It is a tree which starts earlier than any other and mine had begun to put out their leaves before they arrived and could be planted. Had the season following, been wet, they might have survived, but as it was dry, they withered and died. I suppose it would be equally fatal to any deciduous tree, but it is so to the larch and as it puts out sooner than any other, particular vigilance must be exercised to plant it out before its growth begins."

Though rather late to call attention to the importance of early importations, it is a matter worthy to be kept in mind for the future.

FERTILIZERS.

Farmers should be cautious in buying commercial fertilizers and see to it that the article they buy is manufactured under a license. We understand that two or three brands of superphosphate are sold or offered for sale, where the manufacturers have as yet failed to comply with the law. They will be looked after in due time, but while their cases are being investigated, every farmer should be on his guard, and see that there is evidence that the article is licensed and the quality of it attached to the packages in which it is sold. The law will "let no guilty man escape," but the law is sometimes slow.

FOREST TREES.

We are glad to hear from various correspondents of the *Ploughman* that the valuable communication of Mr. Jos. S. Fay, which we presented two weeks ago was widely read and excited great interest. Our Cleveland correspondent, F. R. Elliott, Esq., whose communication appears in another column, well expresses the estimate which is generally placed upon it. Mr. Elliott, being the author of one of our best Fruit Books, and a man of long experience and wide and varied observation, is fully competent to judge. We trust the interest in forest tree culture will continue and show itself in actual and practical experiments.

OPEN MARKETS.

We had hoped before this, with all the investigations the city government has inaugurated from time to time, that some change would have been made in our market system by which the producer and consumer would be brought nearer together. The most serious obstacles with which the New England farmer has to contend is the want of free and open markets, opening a more free and direct trade between the producer and the consumer. The prices which the consumer has to pay for farm products are high enough, perhaps, but they do not find their way into the farmer's pocket. As a general rule, probably less than fifty per cent. of what an article of farm produce costs the consumer in the retail market reaches the hands of the farmer who produced it. This fact which might be established beyond dispute by innumerable illustrations, has had, and is having, a depressing effect upon our agriculture. It is driving young men from the farm and reducing the taxable valuation of our strictly farming districts. It has contributed largely to create the impression in the popular mind that farming does not pay, that the tillage of the soil offers less inducements than most other pursuits.

Our great markets, which fix and control prices, are subject to the control of municipal regulation. The only remedy would seem to be a radical change in our market system which must be a work of time.

THE CHORES.

The simple chores about the house, the barn and the woodshed will take up our time and thought, this rough month. In the barn there are the cows to look after. They need great care, plenty of feed, daily carding, and protection from cold and stormy weather. If they are giving milk it is a good plan to moisten their food with hot water and let it soak awhile in a covered tub or box. It is as good as a partial steaming, and increases the quantity of milk without material injury to the quality. Some shorts or Indian meal added to the moistened hay will be very useful at this season of the year. Cleanliness and pure air are great things in a herd of dairy cows. And then they should have a few roots every day. The swede is better to feed out in midwinter. Begin upon the English turnips in early winter. Feed them out first and then take the swedes and leave the mangolds till the first of the spring. The mangold continues to improve in quality till early spring when it reaches its best condition. Raw mangolds are excellent for swine at this season of the year. They contain a large amount of sugar, and I have noticed that pigs seem to have a sweet tooth as well as children. They will live and keep in fair condition on raw mangolds alone all through the winter. Take time to read and study, and to go to the Farmers' Club.—*Robert B. Thomas.*

Questions & Answers.

SEEDING DOWN TO GRASS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please answer me through the *Ploughman*, what kind of grass seed would be best to sow with clover and red top for a pasture? The land is of a sandy soil. I put on a good dressing last spring and planted it with corn. Raised 100 bushels ears to the acre. I think I shall put on oats with the grass seed this spring. Do you think the orchard grass makes a good pasture? also wish to inquire what kind of cloth and how much it will take to make a dozen haycaps. A SUBSCRIBER.

Chelmsford, Mass., Feb. 26th, 1876.

Oats are about the worst grain with which to seed down any land. If you want to get a good stand of grass you should sow the grass seed either alone, or at most with barley, which injures the young plants much less than oats.

Orchard grass is better to sow with clover, than either Timothy or red top. In fact it is of no use to seed Timothy for a pasture grass. Use orchard grass, Kentucky blue grass, some white clover or what is better some Alsike or Swedish clover. There are various other grasses well adapted to pasture, like perennial rye grass, but the cost of seed is an objection to many. Rather than sow oats with grass seed we should prefer to sow the oats alone, if you must raise them, and then plough up the stubble and seed down with grass seed alone in August.—[ED.

THE PENSION LAW.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have seen a few words in the *Ploughman* about a new Pension Law, and I fail to understand its purport. Will you please inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman*, and oblige a subscriber.

Yours truly, C. N. H.

West Acton, Mass., Feb. 20, 1876.

The Pension Laws revised and consolidated are so voluminous that we cannot possibly give even a summary of their provisions. We advise our correspondent to write to the Pension Office, War Department, Washington, D. C., for a copy of "*An act to revise and consolidate the statutes of the United States in force,*" &c., in relation to the Pension Laws; Approved June 22, 1874; or, if it is not distributed gratuitously, to inquire the price and remit for it. It probably is supplied gratuitously. It makes an octavo pamphlet of 24 pages. [ED.

LUCERNE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

Among the grasses enumerated by some authors is the species called Lucerne. Is it the same as Chilian clover? It is said not to flourish well at the South on account of the drouth; and on the other hand, it is but little if at all, cultivated at the North, in consequence of the low temperature of the climate.

Will the Editor of the *Ploughman*, or any one else, who has any practical experience in the culture of this grass, or clover, inform us as to the mode of treatment in growing it? and what are its most profitable uses? Can it be advantageously cultivated for green manure? What is the cost per acre, compared with buckwheat? Has any one in New England tested its utility as dry fodder? How does its qualities compare with those of Hungarian grass? So far as we *know*, very little has been published in regard to its culture, in this part of the world, and we desire information from practical farmers, if it be possible to obtain it. One reader of the *Ploughman*, (and we think very many more) would be truly thankful for accurate knowledge, that would lead to good results, in the cultivation of this grass. A. M. F.

Lucerne requires light land, and more especially a light and porous subsoil. We have seen it tried here with reasonable success. It grows in California with great luxuriance and also in Utah. We have seen immense fields of it from which three or four crops were taken in a season. It is a delicate plant to get started and requires careful attention the first year, after that, when it is well rooted it remains in the soil many years. If you should sow it in drills and cultivate it a little to keep down the weeds, you can get a crop the second year, two or three crops in fact, as it grows very rapidly after being cut.

Lucerne is the same as Chilian clover. It would flourish in Florida, anywhere South where there is a loose, wet and porous subsoil for the roots to strike down into. It is not cultivated extensively here, chiefly because it requires more careful labor the first year than our farmers are willing to give to it.

It is quite different from buckwheat and the cost cannot be compared. Buckwheat will endure a rough and unsubdued soil and it is one of the best crops to use in subduing such soils. Lucerne needs a fine, free, well tilled soil and will not endure rough usage. It is most excellent either for hay or for a soiling crop to cut green and feed out, equal in nutritive qualities to clover and greatly relished by cattle. It is entirely different, also, from Hungarian grass and is not to be compared with that. Hungarian is an annual. Lucerne, when once well set, will last ten or fifteen years and more.

—[ED.

BUTTER COW.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a seven year old cow, medium size, breed one-half Jersey and one-half Ayrshire. She calved the second day of March last, 1875. I disposed of the calf when three days old, and commenced setting the milk for making butter. We churned twice a week through the height of feed and once per week after that until the 15th of Feb. Her milk made 410 pounds of prime good hard yellow butter, besides what milk the family of five used, which was no small quantity. Her feed was three pints of meal per day and all the good English hay she would eat until she went to grass, which was about the 20th of May following. On the first day of October, I commenced again giving her three pints of meal per day and all the hay she would eat, until the 15th of December, and then fed with hay alone up to the 15th inst. She gives at the present time four quarts per day, and comes in again the 22nd of next month. Now, Mr. Editor, if any of the readers of the *Ploughman* have a cow that will beat this, please let us hear from them, and much oblige, M. H.

Grafton, Feb. 19th, 1876.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please inform me through the Ploughman whether there are any useful public documents, which can be obtained by application to the proper authorities? Any information on this subject will be gratefully received by W. H. D.

Billerica, Mass.

The Reports of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture are printed for distribution among farmers. You can get a copy of the Report for 1875, now about ready, of the Secretary of your Farmers' Club, or of your representative in the Legislature. The Report of the Board of Education will also be ready soon, and that you can get also of your representative or senator in the Legislature. There are other reports like that of the Board of State Charities, the Railroad Commissioners, &c., which can be obtained in the same way.—[ED.

THE BLACK WALNUT.

Mr. Elliott's suggestion in another column that it would be well to raise more of the nut trees in New England reminds us to say that the black walnut, one of our choicest woods of commerce can be easily raised here. We happen to be the owner of a black walnut three feet in diameter and straight as a gun. A hundred dollars has been offered for it to cut down for lumber. Another was grown from the seed planted about thirty years ago, and now about eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, and very straight and clear. It bears abundantly every year. The black walnut is worth more general attention.

BIG EGG.

A light Brahma pullet in the flock of Mr. Obed F. Smith of Hudson, N. H., a few days ago laid an egg measuring 8 7-8 by 7 inches, and weighing 5 ounces. This being a winter egg, what may be expected of this biddy in April or May?

HOW PLANTS FEED.

The old idea that humus or vegetable matter is necessary for the ailment of plants seems to be untenable in the light of our present knowledge, which shows that plants feed on mineral matter. In a paper read at a recent meeting in England, Dr. A. Voelcker said, in reference to this subject: "It is a very important question whether vegetable matter, by supplying carbonic acid, is of real food. At one time humus, or the organic matter in soils, was regarded as the sole source of terrestrial food of plants, but the humus theory, which has done so much mischief in retarding agricultural progress, he thought, had received the final deathblow by the wonderfully clear and most conclusive argumentative writings of Baron Liebig, and he quite agreed with the great German chemist; but the luxuriant development of the crops usually grown on the farm depended mainly upon the available mineral food present in the soil, and not on its organic matter—indeed, he did not know a single fact which supported the view according to which plants live and grow vigorously upon the organic matters of the soil or manure, and not upon the mineral portion of the soil or the saline and mineral constituents of the manure. It had been established beyond controversy that the really essential elements of plant-food were mineral and not organic substances; and he was decidedly of opinion that the constituents of sewage had to become mineralized before they could benefit the growing crops. In porous and well-drained soils, and in land readily permeated by atmospheric air, the conversion of organic animal refuse matters into purely mineral compounds proceeded with great rapidity; and this, by the way, was one of the causes why sewage farming succeeded better on land resting on a porous subsoil than upon stiff clay soils upon imperfectly-drained subsoils. On stiff clay land the decomposition of the animal refuse matter proceeded much more slowly than upon porous, light, and sandy soils. Hence it was that heavy clay land was generally manured in autumn, while light land was more beneficially manured in spring; for if ordinary farmyard manure were applied to the land in spring on stiff clay lands, there would not be sufficient time to convert the manure into mineral elements of plant-food, and a bad harvest would be the result. He would further state, in support of this view, that on soils not readily penetrated by air, organic matters were positively injurious, and the healthy and vigorous growth of all agricultural produce, and the destruction of organic matter, and the production of available mineral plant-food in porous soils, proceeded with great rapidity. He would quote in proof of this the interesting experiments of Boussingault and Lewy, who had shown that the air in a cultivated soil invariably contains less oxygen than the air above it. A portion of the oxygen, in fact, was consumed by the organic matter in the soil, and its place was taken by carbonic acid, resulting from the combination of the carbon of the organic matter with the oxygen of the air. According to the nature of the soil and the time of the year, and the way it had been treated as regards manure, the amount of carbonic acid in the air of the soil may increase to over eight per cent., and that of oxygen recede to less than twelve per cent., and invariably it is less than twenty-one per cent. by volume. For instance on analyzing the air present in a light sandy soil, recently manured and after rain, Boussingault and Lewy found:

	By Volume.		By Volume.
Carbonic acid	9.74	Nitrogen	79.91
Oxygen	10.35		
Total			100.00

In another sandy soil, unmanured, the air contained:

	By Volume.		By Volume.
Carbonic acid	0.93	Nitrogen	79.57
Oxygen	19.50		
Total			100.00

These experiments show plainly that common dung and similar refuse matters are really burned up or oxidized in porous soils with great energy, and rapidly converted into mineral plant-food. In another experiment the same chemists found in the air a stiff clay soil:

	By Volume.		By Volume.
Carbonic acid	0.86	Nitrogen	79.30
Oxygen	20.04		
Total			100.00

Showing that here the combustion of the organic matters in the land proceeded more sluggishly, and, I may add, on such land the produce of our farm crops is generally more scanty than on a porous, well-aerated soil, plentifully supplied with mineral food, among which I include nitrates. He would make one other remark, and it was this: A large proportion of nitrogen in grass or other farm crops was not a sign of superior feeding quality, but the very reverse, as it indicated immaturity. Sewage grass was richer in nitrogen than the produce of permanent meadow land; but it was well known to all practical men that sewage grass was more watery, and although very useful as a food for milch cows, produced abundance of milk, but of a rather watery character.

Correspondence.

COWS FOR THE DAIRY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

It has long been a query in our minds which were the more profitable for dairymen on our uneven New England farms, large cows or small cows, but with a decided partiality for the smaller breeds of cattle.

An article in the *Maine Farmer* of January 8th, from Gen. Tilton, of Togus Farm, has brought the matter prominently before our mind, more so perhaps because from that article we gather evidence to strengthen previous conjections.

At Togus Farm both Holsteins and Jerseys are kept and perhaps we may safely accept these as about equal representatives of the large and small breeds of cattle. From this article we learn that the average weight of the Holstein cows was 1180 pounds and of the Jerseys 916 pounds, that the Holsteins gave milk 265 days and the Jerseys 311 days during the year, yielding on the part of the Holsteins 5023 pounds of milk containing 11 per cent of cream or 552 pounds, and on the part of the Jerseys 4168 pounds of milk containing 18.95 per cent. or 789 pounds of cream or equalizing the weight of the two by adding the per cent. of difference to the average Jersey, we find the yield increased to 5369 pounds of milk containing 1018 pounds of cream, or in reference to their weight the Holsteins gave 426 per cent. and the Jerseys 455 per cent. of their live weight.

From what we learn of other breeds we suppose the Durham would give less milk with a larger per cent. of cream than the Holsteins and the Ayrshire more milk with a smaller per cent. of cream than the Jersey.

Now for a few reasons why we believe the smaller breeds more profitable. It is an established fact that every breath an animal draws, every step it takes, and every movement of its body represents the consumption of a certain amount of food and that two per cent of its live weight in food is daily required to supply this demand, or in other words to support existence—it is only what is eaten over and above this amount that returns an income.

Our largest income from cows for the cost, is obtained in summer when they subsist largely upon the food they gather in the pastures and here a small cow will gather nearly as much food in—gives time as the large one, therefore while the small cow, can during the day gather four or five per cent. of her weight of food and also have sufficient time for the system to digest and assimilate this food the large one can only gather three or four per cent. of her weight and have it properly digested and assimilated, and then there is another item in favor of the small cow, for while gathering perhaps as many pounds of food as her more weighty sister she is not obliged to expend near as much force to move her body about. These same conditions hold good in winter and frequently they are intensified by the difference in condition of the animals when they come to the barn, for an animal in good condition is much cheaper wintered than a poor one even if no improvement in condition is made.

But says one "we must keep larger breeds to supply us with oxen," granted, we are not laying down an universal rule, but there are thousands of farmers (to say nothing of the mechanics and professional men who keep a cow or two) that do not keep oxen or raise stock except heifers to replenish the wear of their herds, to whom these remarks are applicable. Where but one or two cows are kept to supply the family with milk and butter or where more are kept for general dairy purposes we believe the smaller breeds will be found more profitable—if they give less milk it is generally of a richer quality. S. O. F.

"Hillside Farm," Wilton, Me.

NEW VARIETIES OF POTATOES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

People this way don't want to hear much about new varieties of potatoes—or old ones either just now. Every farmer that we see, at the village says, "shan't raise many potatoes next year."

There is a large quantity stored in the cellars, and no demand as yet; forty cents is the highest figure. But many of us have planted varieties that are not salable.

I have experimented quite largely with new varieties, and have found but few that were worthy of planting for a general crop. The Early Rose has done as well as any, perhaps on different soils, but varying much in yield and quality in different seasons. The past season I raised thirty bushels of good marketable potatoes, or just one-eighth of an acre, and the quality was extra. I gave them only ordinary care.

The Peerless has been one of our best potatoes for the market, being very productive, good shape and color, and has sold well. The quality varies largely on soils apparently the same. They must be planted quite early to get ripe.

The Brooks "seedling" is a good table potato, but is apt to grow hollow, some very heavy yields have been reported, but with me it has not been remarkable in this respect.

The Excelsior is very popular here, but with me the quality has been only fair—and the yield has not been satisfactory—a large part of the crop being prongy, and many small ones. But two miles from me it does well. I have planted several other varieties, but most of them have not proved first class in every respect. The Snowflake is the *best* of anything I have yet had. The quality is of the very *best*; it is of good size and shape, and has yielded as well as any potato that I planted in 1875. I propose to eat only Snowflakes this year.

The Alpha is very early and has yielded well, but as I had but a few, I have not tested their cooking qualities enough to satisfy myself as to their quality.

There has been considerable said about potatoes "*sporting*" in our Agricultural papers.

I never noticed anything of the kind until the fall of 1874, when digging my Pearl I found one potato that about half of it was of a red—or rather reddish purple in color, the rest was of the same color that the Peerless usually are. Last spring I cut the potatoes in to and planted the colored part by itself; the white end came out regular Peerless, the hills from the colored part were red and red-splashed, a little white, not a white potato among them.

This is something new to me, but perhaps not so to others. J. G. M'K.

South Acworth, N. H.

NOTES AS I READ.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The *Ploughman* comes to me to-day good as usual, and full of instruction—but the report of an Experience in *Forest Tree Culture* by Mr. Fay is worth—well I was going to name a sum, but the record is one of more value than I have read in a long time. His statement of the *Pinus Laricio* or Corsican Pine, pleased me muchly—as years since I imported a tree under that name and as it grew, there seemed a half wby position of it between the Scotch and Austrian. Its growth is more compact than the Scotch, yet not as compact as the Austrian, but almost, if not quite as rapid in growth as the Scotch.

The advice not to sow seeds broadcast, is one every tree grower should remember. Fortunately now, we have men in this country who have so learnt how to grow evergreens as well as deciduous trees, that it is little gain to order from abroad. When risks of transportation and exchange are taken into count, it is a query if the planter had not better order from the growers in our own States.

As I read, a suggestion arises, would there not have been a gain, if junipers, dwarf pines, etc., together with more of maples, elms, butternuts, black walnut, chestnut and other nut trees had been mingled more abundantly in the planting, using the hardiest varieties where the most bleak exposure existed.

I saw no note of our American spruce, which I have found one of the best to bear exposure, and it may be well for those who may follow the example of Mr. Fay, to think of them. There is also the Banksian pine, abundant on grounds adjoining the upper lakes, which is compact, very hardy, of a somewhat drooping character with foliage in color, between Corsican and Austrian, more of a yellowish tinge.

The more that we can draw attention to the use of thousands of acres, now profitless, to this of growing forests, the better will be the coming second Centennial. Nurserymen know how rapid trees grow, but the masses of readers and workers do not. But as Mr. Fay has given so much of the how to do correctly, and of what might be the nature of the crop thinned out every five or seven years, either as sale or for replanting, let me stop—with only a word of hope, that the journals will widely copy the leading features of his statements, and so induce men who own lands valueless to them now, to expend a few dollars and labor in a like manner. P. R. E.

March 4th, 1876.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

We are in receipt of many letters from northern farmers, making inquiries about Western North Carolina, and with your permission we will answer some of them through the columns of the *Ploughman*.

The atmosphere is unusually pure and bracing, for the reason that this region is an immense plateau, 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. For northern people, it is peculiarly agreeable, from the fact, there never is any excessive heat or cold; the elevation makes the summers delightful, and there is not a night during the season but a blanket is necessary for comfort. It is quite a summer resort for the people of South Carolina and Georgia. Gen. Wade Hampton has a summer villa about six miles from this town. The winters are mild, as they must be so far South; but some seasons there is a fall of a few inches of snow, which sometimes lays on the ground several days; December is usually the coldest month in the year.

There are no prevailing diseases, and a case of lung disease or ague never originated here. Persons with incipient consumption, have come in here for treatment, and have recovered. Persons afflicted with ague, soon get rid of it, with our pure water to drink, and the entire absence of malarial swamps. The supply of pure spring water is most abundant. There is a timber supply sufficient for ages to come, consisting mainly of hickory, oak and pine. The land is easily cleared, because of the absence of underbrush, which has been kept down by annual fires, set for the purpose of keeping the "range" in good heart for stock. The country is adapted to dairying, sheep raising and beef raising. Farmers from the West and North labor to get the land into meadows, for winter grazing. It is also a fine fruit country, and there are no canker worms or other insects to destroy the fruit. The crops raised are corn, wheat, oats, rye, Carolina and Irish potatoes.

It makes no difference when one comes here, as one part of the year is as healthy as another; but one with small means, would do better to come in the fall or winter, that he might clear a patch for corn; yet one may come in as late as April, who has the means to hire land cleared, in order to get in buckwheat. The lands hereabouts can be bought for $1,50 to $5,00 per acre, according to location. This new town is named Highlands; it has already a store and postoffice. It takes 38 hours to reach Walhalla, S. C., from New York; the best route is by way of Richmond, Charlotte, and Greensboro' to Seneca City, S. C.; then take the Blue Ridge road to Walhalla; from Walhalla a carriage can be taken to these lands. Though in a Southern State, Highlands is being peopled by northern and western farmers. T. B. W.

Highlands, Macon Co., N. C., March 1st, 1876.

☞ A rule, with few, if any exceptions, for keeping wool on sheep's backs, is to keep the animals *fat*.

BOWLDER ROCKS.

THEIR PROBABLE ORIGIN AND HISTORY, AND THEIR USE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF DWELLINGS.

(A Lecture delivered before the Mass. State Board of Agriculture, at Haverhill, Dec. 2nd, 1875.)

BY DR. JAMES R. NICHOLS.

I have selected this subject because I am certain there exists among husbandmen a desire to know something of the history and nature of the rocky masses with which they are brought daily and hourly in contact in the cultivation of their fields; and further, I desire to call attention to the desirability of using the bowlder rocks in the construction of buildings in the place of wood, which has been almost universally used in all parts of the country ever since its first settlement.

Now, in relation to the origin of rocks, a consideration of this subject, of course, carries us back to a very remote period of time. It is sufficient for me to say, that rocks, like other inorganic substances upon our planet, have been at some time in their history in a volatilized condition. In fact, we may say that every rock and every mineral substance upon our earth has existed in the form of vapor; and I think we may go still further, and say of rocks and all elementary substances, that they have once existed in still more attenuated forms; for the new laws discovered by chemists recently as regards the doctrine of dissociation of bodies by heat, leads to the belief that these rocks have been evolved from some common primal matter, which pervades the whole vast universe, and of the nature of which we have no knowledge. It is singular that this view approximates those held by Lavoisier, the father of chemistry, nearly a century ago. This most sagacious philosopher and experimenter stated that it was possible that all matter might be resolved into only three forms,—oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen; and, certainly, I find the idea of great simplicity in the constitution of matter is gaining ground among modern chemists every day. The results of spectrum analysis go to prove the correctness of this view. And here, let me say, that quite all we know of celestial chemistry results from researches made with that marvellous instrument, the spectroscope. We find from its revelations, that, in the chromosphere of the sun, there exist materials like those which exist upon our planet. But, in addition to the iron, calcium, magnesium, and a dozen other elements in the sun, we find there is another shown in the spectrum which is not recognized as belonging to any of the terrestrial elements. This is shown by a green line in the spectrum. When the spectroscope is directed to the fixed stars, we get some very interesting results; and the same may be said in regard to the nebulæ. It appears that the nebulous material which is floating through space, is made up of only two elementary forms of matter, and those the most attenuated,—nitrogen and hydrogen. Now, if it is true, that these interstellar spaces are the first beginnings of worlds, a difficulty presents itself, unless the large number of our terrestrial elements are capable of being evolved from the two or more revealed to us. A world, according to our notions, could not be perfect unless it held our sixty-five elements. If we apply the spectroscope to the fixed stars of different colors,—the white, the yellow, and the red,—we there find the history of worlds in their formative stage revealed in a most remarkable manner. The spectroscope applied to the light which comes from the dog star, Sirius, which is a white star, proves that all elementary forms of matter existing there are the most attenuated. We find hydrogen predominating, and there are traces afforded of thirteen of the other elements known to us. Now, we want to carry our observations a little further, and apply the spectroscope to the rays which come from Aldebaran, one of the yellow stars. In this star there exists a considerable amount of hydrogen, but we also find that the forms of matter have undergone a striking modification, and the number of metallic elements is largely increased. An advance is made in the stupendous progress which is to end in the formation of a world. If we carry the investigations another stage, and apply the spectroscope to the light of the red stars, still further progress is observable. We find an entire absence of hydrogen, nitrogen, and all those attenuated forms of matter in red stars and the metalloids appear, and also their compounds. It would appear that by a process of celestial chemistry, the complex is evolved from the simple forms of matter. First, the nebulæ, which is matter in a state of extreme attenuation; then the white stars, which have progressed a single stage, and are the hottest; then the yellow stars, which are cooler and more progressed; and, finally, the red stars, which are the coolest, and approximate nearer to the condition of our planet, than any of the others. I present these views very briefly, that you may obtain some idea of how, by successive steps, from matter in gaseous condition, under the influence of heat, solid bodies like rocks result from loss of temperature and condensation.

Bowlder rocks are but the representatives of the mountain-rock masses; and let me here define what is meant by "bowlder rocks." The term used to be applied to that class of stones which are found in running streams and in the beds of rivers, rounded and polished by attrition; but it is more proper to apply the term to all rocks which are resting upon our farms "out of position," no matter what may be the form or size. Almost every farm in New England has more or less of these bowlders, these detached masses of rock, torn from their beds, and resting out of their places. Over large tracts of country, where there are no bed rocks, no ledges or quarries, bowlder rocks are thickly strewn, and they are of various kinds, colors and forms, hardly any two masses being alike.

Now, the question arises, From whence came these rocks, and what is their history? Chemical examination discloses the fact that all rocks are remarkably simple in their composition, and, in fact, simplicity is stamped upon everything in the air, the waters, and the solid framework of our planet.

Half of the earth's crust is formed of one single element, and a quarter of the remaining half is formed of one other element. There appears to our superficial observation great complexity in rocks as regards nature and composition, but in this we are mistaken. There are three distinct kinds of granite, but they are formed by holding in excess some one single ingredient.

To return, we find, as I have said, these bowlders upon our farms, and we are forced to conclude that they belong to a class of rocks not indigenous to our localities; and we find this class of rocks by far the most numerous. In the drift or bowlder rocks of this State, more than half are granite in structure.

Before passing to consider kinds of rocks, let me ask and briefly answer the question, What is the nature of a rock? Rock is dead inorganic matter—burnt out material which is capable of any change other than disintegration by chemical or physical causes. It is the coke remaining from the combustion of a world, to use another and perhaps not quite scientific comparison. Rocks are bodies saturated with oxygen, and therefore are at rest.

Plants differ from rocks in a wide degree; they are composed of matter in a state of unrest. They possess a principle which is called vital force, and which leads to constant change until a state of maturity is reached, when, owing to the waning of the vital forces, the antagonistic chemical forces step in and produce decomposition and decay. A plant is under the protection of vital forces during the term of its life, and it has powers of resistance sufficient to keep at bay all oxidising or chemical agencies, until the time comes when it must be resolved back to earth and air from which it came. Rocks by disintegration and chemical change become the food of plants; that is, the mineral elements are lifted as it were by the aid of vital force into the structure of plants, and they become integral portions of plants. They thus subserve a most important office,—dead, inert, and useless as they seem to be. They encumber our farms, mar the beauty of our fields, break our ploughs and harrows, and cover soils which might be devoted to wheat and corn; and we scold at their presence, but let us remember that it is from their hated masses that the very pabulum of our cereals is derived, that it is due to them that there is anything to cultivate in our fields.

The kinds of rocks found in our fields in Massachusetts which belong to the drift period, are, as I have said, not numerous. Granite of different kinds prevails most extensively; next come quartz, tale, gneiss, and the iron-stones. The latter are found to be quite numerous in the northern counties of the State. In these stones, sulphide of iron forms a prominent ingredient, and when taken from the ground and exposed to the action of the air, chemical change ensues, and oxide of iron is found upon the surface, giving to the stones a reddish hue. This form of rock is very undesirable for building purposes, and should be avoided. The stone, when split open, affords to the inexperienced no special evidence of the presence of iron, and in spite of the care exercised in the construction of my buildings, several of these stones got in place in the walls, and already are covered with rust. Paint will be needed to protect them from further action.

In illustration of the singular variety and juxtaposition of rocks found upon my farm, I desire to call your attention to the two varieties which I hold in my hands. One is a fragment split from a bowlder weighing, perhaps, five tons, and is very nearly pure quartz; it is white and beautiful. The other is a granitic iron-stone, broken from another bowlder of equal weight, lying, perhaps, about two rods distant from the quartz bowlder. How different are those specimens physically and chemically? I have here other specimens which more fully illustrate the dissimilarity in the bowlder rocks found at my farm. These rocks serve to impress upon our minds the conviction that they do not belong to any one locality, but have been brought from different, and in some cases distant, points, by an agency the nature of which we have no positive knowledge. Finding, as I have, specimens of talcose slate at the farm of a variety which is supposed to be peculiar to the mountains in northern New Hampshire, I am led to ask, By what agency was this rock transported from those distant localities? It certainly could not have come by human hands. The same question may be asked of the [illegible] agency [illegible] Have they come they, and how?

I have said that we have no positive knowledge of the method by which these rocks have been deposited upon our farms; but we do have very plausible and reasonable theories which, in a measure, satisfy our inquiries. These rocks afford evidence, not only that they have been broken from bed-rock at distant points, but also that they have been subjected to some grinding, polishing force, long continued. You observe upon this rock which I have in my hands grooving and striations which could only be caused by its having been forced over another and harder rock, in some movement to which it has evidently been subjected. This stone I picked up on my hill, as it was thrown out of a trench by workmen, and is only one of hundreds I have found bearing similar markings. In the larger bowlders which are imbedded in the soil, I find these grooving to have diagonological cabinets, a considerable number of years would elapse before they could place on exhibition specimens of our exploded earth representing its complete chemical and physical character. First would come to them the lighter fragments; and then, in process of years, the heavier particles, the metalloids and metals. The gold and the platinum would be the last to reach them. We have received from exploded planets outside of our orbit but comparatively few of the elementary principles known to us, and it is probable the list may not be much further increased for centuries.

You will find in the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, a very large and peculiarly-shaped meteorite; and a very remarkable collection is found in the British Museum, all arranged in perfect order, and by a perfect system.

The chemical analysis of the meteorite which I hold in my hand differs from that of others which have been examined, and it ind

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through a period of at least one hundred thousand years, and that it commenced about two hundred thousand years ago. This is, however, pure speculation. Now, this sheet of ice must have been of immense thickness, for it has left evidence upon the sides of our mountains of this fact.

Prof. Dane says that it could not have been less than five thousand feet in thickness in the more northern portions of New England; and in the southern portions, it was probably two thousand feet. There are certain facts which lead us to believe that this view is correct, for the ice must have covered very nearly the whole of the mountain regions of New Hampshire. Only about one thousand feet of Mount Washington was left uncovered; and the whole of Monadnock, and the Green Mountains of Vermont, were hidden by the ice. The same may be said of the mountains in the western part of Massachusetts, and those in the Adirondack region.

Whenever, gentlemen, you visit Monadnock, a mountain which is quite within the field of vision from these hills around this city, you will find, upon the northern and northeastern sides of it, evidence that it has been subject to very severe ice action. It has been torn, and bruised, and scored by the action of moving ice; and you will find the same thing true, to a considerable extent, in the New Hampshire range of mountains. You will find that their rocky sides, at elevations of a thousand, two thousand, and five thousand feet above the valleys, afford evidence of rough usage from this descending mass of ice. At this stage of our remarks, you very naturally inquire, How came this frigid condition to prevail at this particular epoch in the history of our planet? To attempt to answer this question, would lead me into a field of speculation, in which we might wander for a great length of time. Some most ingenious and plausible theories have been advanced to account for the great reign of ice, but I have not time to present them for your consideration this afternoon. I will simply remark that evidence is afforded that there has been more than one glacial period, and that another is not improbable; but the time for it to commence is so remote, I think we may venture to plant our corn as usual without fear of having to dig for the crop through a covering of ice.

The moving of glaciers is a puzzle to many, and therefore I will briefly allude to this point. The motion of the great northern glacier which brought to us the bowlder rocks was probably exceedingly slow. It moved down from the north, taking our valleys and river-courses in its path, and so great was the propulsive force, that it glided over the hills and lesser mountains without difficulty; nothing could obstruct its course for a time. We get a very correct idea of the movements of ice from a study of the glaciers which exist in Switzerland at the present time. I suppose it may be a novel statement to some, when I tell you, that at the present time, more than 1,500 square miles of Swiss territory are covered perpetually with ice, and the whole of the land north of the lower quarter-section of Greenland is also covered continually with solid ice masses. The same conditions exist in Greenland to-day, as far as glacial action is concerned, that existed here thousands of years ago. Now, if we have glaciers existing at the present day, and if we study their action, we must obtain some facts, some knowledge as to their movements and laws, which will throw much light upon the subject.

But it is not necessary for us to go to Greenland or Switzerland to study glacial action, for we have glaciers in our own country. They are found in the northern part of California; we have them existing upon the sides of Mount Shasta, which rises to the great altitude of 14,000; we have also have them in Colorado; and there we find one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the erosive action of the ice which can be found upon our globe. According to the report of the United States Surveying Expedition, under Lieut. Davis, he discovered a vast channel in the side of one of the Colorado mountains, which the ice had cut down through solid rock. The walls upon either side are more than one thousand feet deep, and they extend down nine thousand feet into the valley below.

It is, however, in Switzerland that ice movement has been systematically and fully studied. Prior to 1827, there was but very little known regarding the motion of glaciers. During this year, observations were made in Switzerland which proved conclusively that these masses of ice which extend up from the valleys on to the mountains were in a state of constant motion. If you start from the little town of Meyringen and go up the Hasali Valley, following the Aar River, you soon come to the Handeck Falls; and if you ascend above the Handeck Fight, you will reach a glacier which possesses very great interest. It is the one upon which the first observations were made by any competent observer. Three years ago, I followed this route to reach the glacier. In 1827, a French *savant* visited this glacier and erected upon it a little hamlet, and resided there and made observations continuing through several months; and when he left it, it was not visited again until 1830. When Prof. Agassiz first began his studies, he went as much as three miles beyond the glacier in 1830. He found that, from 1827 to 1830, the little hamlet had moved 327 feet down towards the valley. Ten years later, in 1840, the same structure had moved 4,000 feet. This proved conclusively that glaciers moved, and experiments were undertaken, by Agassiz and others, to ascertain the rate of motion; and the series of observations for obtaining this knowledge are now so perfect and delicate that it is not necessary to wait a year to prove that a glacier moves. By the use of a theodolite, and other modern appliances, you can ascertain the distance which a glacier moves in a single day,—yes, in a single hour. They move at different degrees of rapidity; they move as a river moves in its channel.

In two visits to the glaciers of Switzerland, I have had opportunities of observing this most interesting phenomenon of ice movement, and I know of nothing upon our earth that awakens in the mind a greater degree of awe and solemnity than those great glaciers. As you walk upon a sea of ice, the cold, the solitude, the absence of all life and vegetation, the deep silence which reigns,—only when those deep, detonating noises are heard echoing among the rocks, which proceed from falling masses of ice, or from the cracking of the main body,—all these awaken in the mind a high degree of awe, and almost of terror. The motion of a glacier is greater in the centre than it is upon the sides. If a line of stakes is placed across a glacier, we find that the rate of travel in the centre is more than double that upon either side. The ice stream obeys the same laws in descending from a high altitude, in a plain that water does, and it is held in check and diverted from its course in the same way. Vast quantities of rocks, pebbles, sand, etc., are brought along and piled up by the sides of the glacier, or at the point where it terminates in the valley. These deposites are called *moraines*, and are often of great extent, forming high hills and ridges. It is probable that some of you have visited the great glacier which descends from Mont Blanc into the Valley of Chamouni, in Switzerland, and observed the terminal moraine formed at the point where the ice melts as fast as it descends. This is an interesting object, and illustrates forcibly the great power of ice action. Embedded in this moraine are seen huge bowlder rocks, which have been detached from the surface of the mountain thousands of feet above the valley, and slowly brought down and deposited by the melting of the ice. In this way it is probable the bowlder rocks upon our farms have been transported from distant points. Slowly, through the long ages of the post-tertiary period, they moved down from the north, embedded in the thick ice, and, by being forced over other rocks, and ultimately coming under the action of water, as the ice melted, they have been rounded and polished, many of them in a remarkable manner. We find ancient moraines existing all over the Northern States, and there is good reason for believing that the long ridge of hills, upon one of which I have placed my stone buildings, is a moraine of this city, as an ancient moraine. The nature of the deposites, and the formation and arrangement of the hills, leads to this conclusion. There were no lateral or medial moraines formed during the glacial epoch, —only terminal moraines; and such, of course, is the one to which I have alluded.

Now, gentleman, from the statements and facts which I have most imperfectly and briefly presented, some idea may be obtained of the probable origin and history of our bowlder rocks. There is no other theory which will satisfactorily account for their presence but the one presented, and we may regard it as a theory unless one better can be brought to notice,—one more in consonance with observed facts around us. This knowledge cannot but help to increase our interest in these stranger rocks, and lead, not only to their further study, but also to the study of our soils, so intimately connected with them.

Now, allow me to call your attention to another point; and that is, the utilization of these rocks in the construction of buildings. I have long felt that they could be more generally used, without involving too much cost, especially by farmers, who have them in so great an abundance within easy reach. So confident had I become, that in neglecting the use of these rocks for building purposes we were committing a grave mistake, I determined to test the matter by practical experiment. As I have before said, the structures which I erected, consisting of a large dwelling house and stable designed for a summer residence, involved the employment of more than thirty-five thousand cubic feet of bowlders, all of which were taken from the surface of the hill upon which the buildings stand. The area covered by the rocks, before their removal, is about four acres, and so sparsely were they dispersed over the field, that they were not regarded as a serious detriment to its uses as a pasture. The quantity of rocks which a field will supply can only be understood by those who engage in their removal. No one having land, moderately rocky, need fear a want of supply in any uses for which he may need them, if the undertaking is of reasonable magnitude. I am fully satisfied with my experiment, both as regards the convenience and the cost of the structures. As building material, I know of none more beautiful or desirable, and when we take into account durability and exemption from repairs, we are forced to regard these rocks with favor. It is, indeed, a pity our forefathers, in erecting farm buildings, treated them with neglect. If stone had been used instead of perishable wood, how many antique and interesting cottages and barns would line the roadways throughout New England. The country, instead of presenting a desolate and uninviting appearance, would be full of ancestral homes, most of which would be warm and habitable. Old England is dotted all over with these stone buildings, many of which are, of course, most humble and unpretentious, but still, they are interesting from their antiquity and family histories. Every structure here in the country is perishable; our buildings of wood are built for to-day, and scarcely last through one generation. What sight is more melancholy and dispiriting than the old tumble down, wooden farm houses which are seen by every roadside in the country? No wonder the sons of our husbandmen flee from them to the cities; they convey to the mind of youth no emotions of home, no symbols of thrift or permanancy. It is natural to flee from dilapidation, decay and ruin. It seems to me that in the erection of more permanent homes lies the hope of New England husbandry. What we need to retain our boys on the farm is, more attractive surroundings; indubitable evidences that there is something *solid* and *enduring* and comfortable in farm life; and also, it is important that there should be evidence afforded to the minds of youth, that expenses for repairs of homestead buildings will not eat up the prospective profits of the farms. Why, if a son succeeds his father upon a farm, and the buildings are of wood, and kept tidy and attractive with paint, the cost of painting, once in four or five years, will exceed the amount of taxes, state, town and county. This is an item not lost sight of when a young man decides to abandon the paternal estates. The risk from fire is also to be considered, and also the rates of insurance.

As regards cost of construction, I may say that any farmer in Massachusetts can build of bowlder stones cheaper than of wood, provided he has the stones convenient of access, and possesses a fair share of perseverance and skill. In case any of you, gentlemen, desire to replace your wooden buildings with stone, I would advise you to move in the matter leisurely. Take time for the work and do a large share of it yourself. The expense of the mason-work proper is but a small proportion of the cost, and this, with the inside finish of wood, which may be as plain as is desired, is about all that will require a direct outlay of money. The outside material costs you nothing; the lime and cement are not expensive at the present time; and, so I say, for a less expenditure of money, more comfortable and tasty dwellings and out-buildings of stone can be erected than of any other material. The labor can be performed in the winter months, and it should be understood that it is not necessary to hammer or form faces upon the bowlders, in order to secure beauty of design or finish. The stones taken from the fields and placed in walls, with very little hammering, give most pleasing results. Of this description is the new and beautiful dwelling erected recently by Mr. Mitchell (Ike Marvel) at New Haven. The round bowlders are placed in the walls without a hammer being allowed to touch them, and the effect is very fine. If split bowlders are desired, you can do your own splitting, and not only that, but you can make your own tools, drills, wedges, etc.

For about twenty-five dollars you can buy a portable forge,—and, by the way, it is an implement which every farmer should have,—and with this you can make the steel them when dull. I speak in this matter from experience, and therefore I speak confidently.

There exists a prejudice with some against stone structures, on the ground that they are cold and damp. This objection I have found to be groundless. I left my buildings last winter, freshly constructed as they were, without artificial heat, and I found no evidence of moisture, not a single door in the buildings or any of the finish was affected by moisture, and during the past summer's residence there the objection was not observed.

In the construction of stone buildings, it is important that an air-space at least four inches in depth, should be arranged between the wall and the ceiling, and with this the air within is uniformly dry and comfortable.

I hope, gentlemen, I have not wearied you with this topic. I have endeavored to group together in popular form, some of the facts and principles of modern geological and chemical science which have a bearing upon the history of bowlder rocks, and if I have excited so much interest in the subject as to lead you to make further investigations, one of the objects had in view will be attained. Perhaps we may learn, from what has been stated, that the most common objects found upon our farms have a history full of interest, and that no substance with which we are brought in contact in our daily labor is unworthy of our attention and study.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

☞ The dome of the art gallery of the centennial exhibition will be lighted by 2,000 gas jets—"gets," one paper calls them—arranged in three circles.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.—The following account of Warren's address on the massacre anniversary, 1011 years ago, is from the diary of an English officer. It has, if we are right, never been printed until now:

March 6, 1775. This day an oration was delivered by Dr. Warren, a notorious Whig, at the great South meeting opposite the governor's house. It was in commemoration of what they call a "Massacre," on the 5th of March, 1770. It was known for some days that this was to be delivered. Accordingly a great number of officers assembled at it, when, after he had published a most seditious inflammatory harangue, John Hancock stood up and made a short speech in the same strain, at the end of which some of the officers cried out "Fie! fie!" which, being mistaken for the cry of fire, an alarm immediately ensued, which filled the people with such consternation that they were getting out as fast as they could from doors and windows. It was imagined that there would have been a riot, which, if there had, would in all probability have proved fatal to Hancock, Adams, Warren and rest of those villains, as they were all up in the pulpit together, and the meeting was crowded with officers and seamen in such a manner that they could not have escaped. However, it luckily did not turn out so; it would indeed have been a pity for them to have made their exit in that way, as I hope we shall have the pleasure before long of seeing them do it by the hands of the hangman.

☞ It has always been a mystery to Bostonians, as well as to strangers who have visited our "modern Athens," as to the thought in Peter Faneuil's mind that suggested to him the *grasshopper* as a vane for Faneuil Hall. In the unfinished romance of Bulwer, "Pausanius the Spartan," now just published, edited by his son, the first chapter opens with a personal description of one of the characters of his story, in which he says "his long, curled hair, divided in the centre of the forehead, was connected with golden clasps, to which was suspended the emblem of the Athenian nobles—the grasshopper—a fashion not yet obsolete, as it had become in the days of Thucydides." As it is an established fact that old Peter was a scholar, as well as a gentleman, it is reasonable to suppose that he took the hint of this insectiverous indicator of the way of the wind from the pages of Plutarch, and adopted it as a symbol of the class to which he himself belonged in the ancient Athens when he donated the hall which bears his name to the town of Boston.—*Boston Herald.*

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

THE TURKISH INSURRECTION.

Ragusa, March 6.—The insurgent leaders on Sunday last informed Baron Rodich, governor of Dalmatia and the Austrian commandant, that they require Turkey, as a condition of peace, to withdraw forty battalions of her troops from Herzegovina, and allow the insurgents while remaining in arms to treat with the beys. If this refused the leaders of the insurgents propose that Austria or some power effect an armed intervention. Baron Rodich informed them that their conditions were inadmissable. Austria would maintain complete neautrality, strictly guard the frontier, and cease to relieve refugees at the end of March.

THE CARLIST WAR.

London, March 6.—Despatches from the north of Spain announce that the troops fraternised with the Carlists when they presented themselves for amnesty. General Quesada will occupy the provinces of Biscay and Navarre with 45,000 troops. Alfonso will visit Burgos and Santander. He will enter Madrid on the 15th instant with the one hundred cannon captured from the Carlists. The soldiers belonging to the class of 1870 have been disbanded. It is now expected the army will be reduced to 200,000 men.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

Galveston, March 6.—The *News* special from Brownsville, Texas, says the revolutionists under Diaz are rapidly gaining strength. Considerable consternation prevails among the government adherents in the towns along the Mexican border. Many families are seeking protection on the American side of the Rio Grande. Matamoras is considered the present objective point of the Diaz party. Although it is a strongly fortified city the small garrison of federal troops now there under Cristo is inadequate for all purposes. Colonel Parrott, who was ordered with his command from Camargo to their assistance, arrived on the 3d, having missed or avoided Pena on the route, contrary to the expectations of the government party. Pena, after taking Reyroya, and his force being augmented by about 400 volunteers, receiving orders from Diaz to advance immediately on Camargo. It is supposed that he has reached Los Cuevas, the noted den of the cattle thieves, and the point at which McNally recently crossed into Mexico, where his force will probably be increased immediately on receipt of news of the movement of Pena. Colonel Parrott left Matamoras Thursday in pursuit of him, and for the protection of Camargo. The government troops have also left Monterey for that point, as also a small party of the rural police from Mier. Diaz remains quiet at Brownsville. He is probably waiting until the force under Pena is sufficiently strong to make the attempt on Matamoras.

Later.—Pena this morning took undisputed possession of Camargo, where an order for a forcible tax will probably be made, to increase the finances of the filibusters, so called.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1876.

The Moral of the Thing.—It is extravagance, fondness for luxurious living, for show, diamonds, laces, liveries and position, that has so long been corrupting society in Washington, and will destroy it utterly unless the only remedy is applied. We must get back, all of us, as fast as we can, to the former days of simplicity. It is time for character to tell above money and show. In a republican government, nothing could be more vulgar than some of the loud and costly demonstrations of American society, not only in Washington, but in other cities. Wives should check the tendency to extravagance instead of being responsible for it. Men would not strain so hard to get money by almost all devices, and especially the dishonest ones, if they were restrained at home by the quiet but powerful influences which draw their force from honor and virtue rather than from show.

THE LEGISLATURE.

In the Senate, the bill for the relief of the Eastern Railroad has been under protracted discussion. A bill has been introduced into the House by Mr. Hale, of Boston, which gave rise to a warm discussion, to abolish the Bureau of Statistics of Labor. It was passed and a reconsideration moved. Insinuations of a $10,000 fund for influencing legislation have been combatted in the House. A bill is up for the repeal of the law authorizing cities and towns to subscribe for stock and securities of railroad corporations. The hearings on the Boston and Albany railroad continue. The committee on the Liquor Law have given their first hearing. The Boston and Chicago Railway Trust Bill is also having its merits presented to a Committee.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate a bill has been passed for the appointment of a commissioner to examine and report on the ravages of insects on agriculture. The Pinchback case has been deferred again. An exciting debate in the House on the order of the District Court to the Investigating Committee in the Belknap case to produce their testimony, has attracted interested attention throughout the country. The Hawaiian Treaty is still under discussion in the house. A good deal of new business has been introduced.

THE RECENT REVELATIONS.

The country has experienced a shock during the past week, compared with which all its past experience has been trifling and superficial. A mine has been suddenly sprung that seemed to throw into the air the entire fabric of public confidence and to plunge us all into a common despair. Yet when the worst is known we are really safer than when it is fraudulently concealed. It is better to bring the ulcer to the surface. The Belknap confession is among the most lamentable occurrences that ever befell a free government. If such a state of things has an extended existence, we may justly fear for the safety of our government and institutions. This is a disclosure that affects everybody, without distinction of party. That such a catastrophe was possible argues the worst against the soundness of the principles that govern our public service.

But after the profound sensation of shame is somewhat soated by familiarity with the disgraceful facts, the hour will have come for a rising popular indignation that, discreetly but firmly guided, shall demand a thorough sweeping out of the elements that have been working this state of public degradation. There is no use in parleying with this fell spirit of corruption. There is but one way to deal with it, and that is to exorcise it, to drive it forth completely and forever. It certainly has no part or lot in the centennial year. We are lost, as an experiment in free government, if we mind our private interests any longer to the neglect of this prime necessity in our public life. Men must now make up their minds to forego all other demands on their attention, and go to work and set the nation wholly right again in the face of the world.

SILVER MONEY.

It looks as if we were about to see the shining silver coins again, which have now been out of the public sight for over fourteen years. The children have never seen them at all, though by this time they may have reached nearly twenty-one years. The Treasury has some fourteen millions all ready to issue whenever Congress will give the word, and a resolution directing such issue has already been introduced into the House of Representatives. The weight of opinion among competent judges is, that if silver coin is now paid out for fractional currency it will stay out. Not being wanted for use in foreign countries, where it never was more a drug than now, there is little danger of its becoming an article of export and thus of its leaving the country. It is not only enough below gold in market value to be safe from disturbance, but it is even below the value of the fractional currency itself, the greenback being taken as the standard.

Yet there is not the least danger on that account that the fractional currency will be hoarded because of its higher value. It is a ridiculous suggestion even to make. There is no saying but what the proposed issue of silver, now not very far off, will lead straight to a contraction of greenbacks to that limit at which it will release gold and set that to flowing in as a substantial and steadying part of the currency. Let the people once become familiar again with the use of silver coin, after having handled this paltry scrip for so many years, and they will be pretty apt to put their feet down strongly for a general coin resumption. If such shall be the result of this experiment with silver, it will certainly prove a most welcome one. Even in the populous countries of Asia, which have always absorbed silver as pigs do swill, this coin is now of too little value to excite the former greed; so that, with silver driven out of Germany, the prospect is as favorable an one for the experiment as we could reasonably hope for.

March 17th.—It is good to observe all the Centennaries we have. Next Friday, Boston celebrates in her own way the evacuation of the town by the British, one hundred years ago. The patriots took possession of Dorchester Heights on the night preceding the 4th, from which the enemy was with dismay that the American cannon commanded their vessels in the harbor. The latter lost no time in dropping down to a place of safety without the range of the batteries. It was a time of exultation and high hope for the Americans, who had drawn a military cordon tightly around Boston and hemmed the British troops completely in. The latter were forced to evacuate, and on the 17th they left town for Halifax, and neither Boston nor New England was ever held by British power again. On the coming Centenaary the old "Cradle of Liberty" is to be illuminated by the city, and so is City Hall; and we suggest that the Old South be treated likewise. The slab on its front relates how it was desecrated by the British troops while they were in possession of the town, and it seems highly appropriate that it should be a marked feature in the celebrating ceremonies.

What Congress has Done.—As people like to know, from time to time, what their representatives are doing, it is as well to run the eye over the record occasionally and report progress. Summed up then, neither the Senate nor House has done anything worth mentioning besides passing the West Point Appropriation Bill and the Funding Act. Just at present, however, a large amount of new business is up for consideration, and the explosions in the War Department have absorbed attention entirely. A large number of petitions has been sent into the Senate in opposition to the repeal of the Bankrupt Act. Senator Sharon's appearance on the scene has created a small ripple of talk. The Currency Caucus Committee has made no visible headway in the direction of a compromise, but the views of the two sides appear to be as much opposed as ever. There is a pretty even division of the Committee on this question. It is doubtful if anything at all satisfactory on this subject will be accomplished at the present session.

The Purchase of the Old South Church.—The highest judicial authority of the State having decided that it was competent for the Old South Church Society, of this city, to sell their honored edifice, a majority of the parish are in favor of doing so forthwith; but out of a proper respect for public sentiment, which is greatly disinclined to favor the removal of this revered old landmark, the Society has proposed to the community to let the edifice stand forever as the property of the public, if a sum shall be raised sufficient to what a committee duly selected shall finally appraise it at. Here is a noble opportunity to rescue from the levelling hand of business progress a historic landmark to which the hearts of all New Englanders confess a strong and steady attachment. Why not, then, contribute from all sides a sum sufficient to keep this sacred old place of worship standing while Boston itself has an existence? The tide and whirl of business is fast being left to itself by the removal of our churches to the region of the Back Bay. Let us keep at least *one* in the heart of the commercial mart, and let it be opened daily for worshippers of all denominations as well as for visitors from other towns and States. The true religious purpose served by Trinity Chapel, in New York, fronting the financial maelstrom of Wall Street, should suggest to this community what could be done with the Old South. Trinity Chapel is open daily for religious exercises, and in fact the last church that keeps its footing in the midst of the babel of the business world around it. The Old South, catching all passers on their way to the New Postoffice and State Street, and standing midway between the Custom House and the State House, would perform equally valuable service in the same field, if it were to be kept always where it is and opened to daily worship.

The Emma Mine Scandal.—Stated as briefly as possible, this is the substance of the now notorious and wholly scandalous Emma Mine case:—The projectors of the scheme put the stock of the mine on the London market, knowing it to be worthless. Prof. Silliman's report endorsing it as one of the great mines of the world was worthless. Minister Schenck's name was used as a Director of the company in order to get the stock afloat, and for this he is charged with having received a consideration in shares. All these points are now brought out by Mr James E. Lyon, of Wisconsin, who once owned the mine, which he sold to a London syndicate. To his allegations the managers of the affair oppose an open and positive denial. Those parties are Minister Schenck, Prof. Silliman, Trenor W. Park, and Senator Stewart. The notorious Albert Grant, of London, who placed the stock on the English market, also puts in a denial. Mr. Schenck is now on his way home, having resigned his office as American Minister. He is expected to explain matters on his arrival so far as he can do so to the satisfaction of the Congressional Committee. So far, his defence is that he purchased his shares in the regular way; but there are other things to explain.

The Late Dr. Bushnell.—Invalid though the late Dr. Horace Bushnell was for the last twenty years of his life, which was prolonged to the age of seventy-seven, it is worthy to be noted that it was with those same twenty years he performed the work by which his name will be most widely and permanently known. He brought forth from his prolific mind eight books in that time, the most of which were entirely new compositions. So that though he was perfectly retired from the world, in the ordinary sense, he was never so much in the world and known to the world as then. His later life contains a lesson worth heeding by all men of intellectual aspirations. The titles of his books are—Sermons for the New Life; Nature and the Supernatural; Work and Play; Christ and His Salvation; The Vicarious Sacrifice; The Moral Uses of Dark Things; Woman Suffrage—the Reform Against Nature; Sermons on Living Subjects; and Forgiveness and Law.

The Carlist War.—There is to-day one war less on the face of the civilized globe than there was. The Carlist rebellion in Spain has been long under way, and has given the Madrid government no end of trouble and anxiety. At last King Alfonso took the field in person, proceeded against the insurgents, and scattered them in all directions. Don Carlos is in London, and many of his officers have fled across the border into France. It is four years that this struggle has lasted. That of 1834 continued but two years. Foreign interference terminated that, but this has been brought to an end by the government unaided. Don Carlos was forbidden to come down from the mountains into the open country by the fact that his army was a local contrivance, and he could not therefore depend on his followers. It is said with confidence that he could not in any event have induced them to march with him against Madrid. Alfonso may congratulate himself on the strength this successful termination of the war will bring to his government, and may look for years of peace for a reign which he is capable of turning to the highest good of Spain.

Bismark and the Press.—Prince Bismark has let up on the Catholics and taken hold of the German newspapers. What concerns him is that the press should presume to discuss foreign questions instead of domestic ones. Now if he sincerely wants to read honest daily commentaries on the doings of the German Government, he must first take care that the papers enjoy the freedom of discussion which is the chief inspiration and source of all debate. But if editors in Germany feel as sure as they care to be that any unfavorable commentary of theirs is pretty certain to be rewarded with a forcible shutting up and a degree of punishment for their property, they may well ask to be pardoned for being so human as to obey the instinct of self preservation, and carried off a silver goblet.

—More stabbing has been going on among the convicts at the State Prison.

—All the sound advice that reaches us favors the emission of silver coin.

—The sun and skies are every day telling the story of returning spring more distinctly. It will be a welcome guest.

—Spelling bees in London lead to disputes, and then the correct method is inserted into an opponent's head through an aperature made for the occasion.

—The four lady members of the Boston School Board are getting compliments from all quarters.

—The Tremont Temple Sunday School has 1160 teachers and pupils, which makes it the largest Sunday School in New England.

—Don Carlos is described as being six feet and three inches in height.

READ AND RUN.

— The Washington earthquakes are what are creating the greatest commotion at the present time.

— Russia has annexed Khokan, and formally announced the fact.

— The failures in business, large and small, do not appear to be much fewer than they run last year.

— Marsh, the Belknap witness, is reported to be in Montreal.

— New Hampshire fasts on the 13th of April.

— The Hawaiian treaty has been for some days before the National House of Representatives for consideration. Owing to certain technical reasons, it has to be inaugurated there.

— New Hampshire is alive with politics about these days.

— The Porte has granted the Herzegovinian insurgents complete amnesty, in pursuance of the friendly advice of the great powers of Europe.

— Don Carlos, having finished up his fighting in Spain, is now enjoying himself in London.

— Minister Schenck is said to be on his way home from England. That Emma Mine, you know.

— The ladies of Great Falls, N. H., have given a successful Leap Year ball, but with what practical results it is not stated.

— A young lad of fifteen years, in Lake Village, N. H, thought it would be a very pretty thing to make way with himself by hanging, and so he worked himself off.

— In Ottawa County, Quebec, a party of five men with eight horses left for the woods about four weeks ago, and have not since been heard of.

— A land and lumber company, of this city, has leased a large saw-mill of the Sprague Company, at Augusta, Me.

— Minister Schenck was obliged to plead his official position in England, in order to escape from civil process.

— Mr. Philbrick has resigned his place on the Educational Exhibition at the Centennial.

— Our exchanges already show a feeling for early birds and spring violets. Think, too, of the swelling buds on the birches, the willow catkins, the shadblow promises, and all that sort of thing, with trout leaping up from the sparkling brooks!

— A convention is somewhat talked of, whose object it shall be to revive the knee-breeches style, and we hope the top-boot style also, of our honored ancesters.

— The new spring birds have a way of fluttering into the new churches of the city.

— The War Department has been tendered to Senator Morrill, of Maine, and declined.

— The Arizona emigration fever is reported to be spreading in Boston and vicinity.

— What the English journals have to say now about American affairs and American Society, does not make such pleasant reading as it might.

— No work is proceeding on the new State Prison which has been begun at Concord.

— This is what Wendell Phillips says, in his own peculiar way; "Let snow be found on my sidewalk sixty minutes after it has stopped snowing, and a policeman presents himself at my door with instructions; but will the same policeman, or any other, interfere with the rum seller, not tar removed? Not a bit of it."

— De Lesseps, the originator of the Suez Canal, is seventy years old, but he has a full brood of children at his heels whom he brings up to go barefoot.

— The question of restoring the capitation tax on immigrants has been brought up before the Legislature by the State Board of Charities, and the Board of Trade is engaged in earnestly combatting it.

— "Israel" Winslow is the scriptural misnomer applied to our great forger by the blundering London journals.

— Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's mouth, according to the description of Olive Logan, is a rose and pearl music box. That's not such a "bad box," either.

— Capital punishment has now been restored in Iowa, Maine having abolished it.

— People everywhere are delicately admonished that the sun shows himself considerably earlier now than he used to do.

— The moustache worn by Senator Sharon, of Nevada, instead of being called white is of course spoken of as a "silver" one.

— One hundred and sixty horses is the reported census of Victoria's stables. The equerry knows.

— McFarland, tried for the murder of Albert D. Richardson, in New York, is in jail at St. Louis, for drunkenness.

— The suicide of Mr. Beecher was one of the real raw-headed sensation stories.

— A new High Church daily journal has been started in London with a capital of a quarter of a million dollars.

— They begin to croak about the destruction of the fruit buds by the frost already.

— A bear swam ashore on a cake of ice at Cleveland, O., the other day, but how he could swim on ice is not stated.

— "Thus far, apples are safe," remarks a rural exchange, in view no doubt of the perils that threaten every thing else.

— The Italian parliament was opened by King Victor Emanuel on Monday last.

— Every Carlist officer who has left Spain will be refused the right to return. They evidently mean to let no guilty man shall escape.

— Belknap, the Secretary of War is under arrest.

— The forger Winslow is to sail for Boston on the 21st., so that he will be "in our midst" again soon after All Fools' Day.

— Monday last was town meeting day throughout the State, and there was no legislative session in consequence.

— Prof. T. Sterry Hunt is lecturing at the Natural History Rooms on "Geological Problems of the Environs of Boston."

— Faneuil Hall and City Hall are to be illuminated by the City on the 17th.

— New Hampshire holds her election on Tuesday.

— The Danube is rising again, and threatening all sorts of damage to those within its reach.

— The Emma Mine affair is just being thoroughly stirred.

— Gen. Babcock is reported to have been dismissed from the White House in disgrace.

— All Cubana have been ordered to leave Hayti.

— An inventory of the personal property of the late Isaac M. Singer foots up eight millions.

— Newfoundlanders are somewhat consoled for the loss by their fisheries, by the good prices received for their other staples.

— The forger Winslow is said to have written to his friends here for money assistance, he pleading destitution.

— An accident on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has resulted in the instantaneous death of ten persons and the wounding of several more.

— Judge Taft, of Ohio, has been appointed Secretary of War.

— Ex-Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles, has been summoned to Washington, to give testimony in relation to frauds in the Navy Department.

— The burning of the Old Ladies' Home, in Brooklyn, caused the death of a large number of old lady occupants.

— Mr. R. S. Russell, of this city, having made the successful tour of the globe, has just safely returned.

— Park Street Church gave $13,358,04 in charities last year.

— The Massachusetts State Prison contained 741 prisoners on Saturday.

— At an auction room in this city, last week, an old brass knocker was knocked down for twenty-two dollars. "Stop *dat* knocking!"

— The workingmen of the city are moving for the formation of a defensive union.

— The Revere and Everett narrow gauge railroad company has been organized and gone to work.

— The Knights of Pythias of Boston and vicinity have chartered a steamer to take them round to Philadelphia to the Centennial, on the 19th of August.

— Temperance meetings abound, and are visibly doing a great deal of good.

— The exceptions in the Piper murder case have been allowed by Judges Lord and Colt, and will soon be presented to the full court for consideration.

— At one of our theatres, a novel spectacle introduced is that of two rival oyster openers. One of them opened his hundred just three oysters ahead of the other, and carried off a silver goblet.

— More stabbing has been going on among the convicts at the State Prison.

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Resumption Easy of Accomplishment.—One of our best financial men, a President of a Bank, gives it as his opinion that we shall never have a better opportunity to resume specie payments than now. The banks are in a patient to co-operate with the Government. He asserts that there is really but $520,000,000 in circulation, of greenbacks and bank notes together, which would not be excessive in good business time. The recommendation he makes is that Government shall call in gold enough for the resumption of legal tenders by the sale of long-time bonds at low rates of interest; and a very slight contraction of greenbacks will steadily bring the rest to par, when gold will circulate with paper and supply any apprehended deficiency of the former. The legal tender reserve of the banks will keep a large part of the volume of greenbacks permanently withdrawn, which as a banking basis, could be strengthened by a retention by law of a moderate percentage of the coin received as interest on their deposit bonds. This is the time to go about resumption if we mean anything.

☞ *Transactions* of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for 1875, Part Second, are received from E. W. Buswell, Esq., Treasurer and Librarian of the Society. They are beautifully presented in point of typography, while the very varied questions which are discussed in them will be read with increasing and returning interest by all lovers of horticultural vocations.

☞ *Faithful Ruth*, or, Trust in God, is the title of a beautiful religious story, well adapted for family and Sunday School uses; from the press of Henry Hoyt, of this city.

☞ Gregory's Annual Circular, containing a retail catalogue of Vegetable and Flower seed, is sent to all who wish, from Marblehead, Mass.

☞ Temperance as a reform cause is at present gaining ground so rapidly in the city and vicinity, that police arrests are in many places getting entirely out of the fashion. Everybody has leisure enough in these times to attend to the business of reformation.

☞ The specimens of genuine Spring weather with which we have been favored this week, have mollified the general temper and made people regard life and the world in a much more genial and contented way.

☞ The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company has indefinitely postponed its project for visiting the Centennial Exhibition next summer.

☞ The public feeling in favor of the purchase of the Old South Church, with the purpose of keeping it a sacred landmark forever, is, we are glad to say, manifesting itself in a number of effective ways. There ought to be at least one temple of religion l ft standing in the midst of the swirling tides of commerce.

☞ The nomination of Richard H. Dana, Jr., of Cambridge, to be Ministe- to England, has provoked expressions of positive and general satisfaction throughout this community.

☞ Among our enterprising dealers, fancy patterns of silks for spring have already been presented to all such as are in quest of new things.

☞ It is not to the credit of the Nation that its Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Great Britian is constrained to so sudden a departure for home that he omits to take official leave of the Sovereign. This conduct of Gen. Schenck is exciting the gravest censure on every hand.

☞ It is too bad that even an honest appropriation cannot be made by the people for headstones at the graves of Union soldiers, without a swindling of one-fifth of the money appropriated. There is a poor way to honor the memory of the soldier.

☞ Some persons say, "We have tried sauce —we don't know whose [as if they were all alike, or all meritorious] at a restaurant, or at a certain hotel, and we didn't like it." Very likely not. There are a great many restaurants and hotels at which *anything* is bought and used that is *called* table sauce, and where some that is good is *mixed* with much that is poor. But if these people go to an eating house at which no cheap or common sauces are used, and inquire for Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce they will buy the same article for their homes.

—The income from the city markets this year is estimated at $160,978.

—Some 10,000 persons in the city neglect to pay their water rates when due, of whom 9000 appear when summoned and pay up, while the other 1000 wait until the water is shut off.

—The towns of the Commonwealth have been reducing and liquidating their debts during the past year.

—The snow-king seems to have a special grudge against the Union Pacific.

PROGRESS OF THE GRANGE.—One hundred and thirteen new Granges were formed during the month of January. The Grangers in the United States form in the aggregate an immense body of men. They are neither politicians nor political schemers, but simply industrious and clear-headed tillers of the soil. They have studied their interests and understand their financial and commercial wants. If the 760,000 Grangers in this country follow the advice of their authorities they will soon be organized in co-operative societies, and the Sovereigns of Industry, who advocate that system of Trade councils, are rapidly organising in co-operate associations. The drift of these organisations is the right one. They desire to copy the Rochdale system, which has been so successful in England.

☞ The Kingdom of Prussia now supervises 52,465 primary school teachers, of whom 36,760 are under the authority of the Lutheran Church, 15,276 of the Roman Catholic and 424 of the Jews; only 3,881 are women.

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION A WONDERFUL CURE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13th, 1874.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

*D

...tchinson sold 98 sheep, averaging 80 ...lb.
...sold 66 sheep, averaging 85 lbs, at 6¢

...L REMARKS.—The light supplies of ...has had a tendency to improve the ...The advance on cattle is light, and ...are hardly justified in quoting the ...butcher when we take into account the ...ed quality of the offerings; but the ...e of sales give an improved look as ...report. We notice more 6¢ cattle, ...fold of a few cattle at 6¾c sold on ...s. Working oxen are beginning to ...or, and the traffic in veal calves is ...d.—*Daily Advertiser.*

...ALBANY MARKET.

...he ruling of the market has been pretty ...hout the week. It opened rather strong ...f the early small supply, but it gradually ...by day, and yet apparently there was no ...ad was gained in price was made up in ...ections of choice butchering Steers brought ...was the highest price obtained for large ...they were not so good as those sold last ...In fact we cannot note any change in ...made from those ruling last week ...The following are the receipts of the ...eek, taken from the Central Railroad reg...Albany:

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs
.....	50	6	30
.....	27	4	28
.....	27	9	75
.....	91	25	20
.....	74	6	31
.....	30	5	36
.....	30	4	27
...s R. R.			169
.....	348	59	

...gth a comparative statement of the re...market by rail for the week ending on ...previous, estimating Cattle 17 head to the ...and Hogs 100 head:

This week.	Last week.	Totalsince January 1.
5,685	6,850	49,340
1,800	18,000	123,000
16,800	14,800	118,000

...ur table of comparative value in the ...main ruling of the market this week:

This week		Last week.	
0	to ——		
6 00	@6 60	5 75	@6 37
5 50	@6 00	5 25	@5 75
4 50	@5 25	4 50	@5 00
3 75	@4 50	3 75	@4 50
2 50	@3 75	2 50	@3 75

...In this market there has existed a com...on, for we cannot learn of a single head ...Rambs. There was none left over from ...t not one offered in the yards. Good ...ted, and they would readily bring $6@6 00 ...eation.

...ARKET.—Early in the week the market ...not quotably higher, though in some ...ably a slight gain on last week's prices. ...But for the past two days there have ...ly hardly enough here to establish ...Taken together the offerings were not ...f last week, and consisted almost entirely ...and Sheep, good heavy being scarce ...

...up, common to fair, light, fair to goods ...rs, nominally, 74@8c ₱ lb. ...n received, and they found ready buyer, ...Albany Journal.

...RK CATTLE MARKET.

...ad 4c; range at 9@13c, with bulls at ...for fair Steers and see firm; range at ...nominal for live.

...DELPHIA MARKET.

...—The market has active, and prices ...Pennsylvania and Western steers at $6 ...ood at $5 50@6 25, and common at $4 00 ...the gross. Sheep were in fair demand; ...@ 7½c, gross, or according to ... 100 the net, lat...

...RE CATTLE MARKET.

...—The quality of the offerings on the ...a marked improvement on those ...d prices from last week are fully ...@½ cent. Indeed, before the close of ...a shade higher than the same days ...actions. The market did not close till ...then taken, being very slow throughout, ...ly because the close came at the ...ations usual.

...beef Cattle ranged as follows: Best ...@6¼c; medium or good fair quality, $4 25 ...@5 75; medium or good fair quality, $4 25 ...; thin steers, oxen and cows $3 @3 75; ...ll grades of cattle 6@6½c gross, the ...of the market to-day $4 87½; extreme ...@6 25. Most of the sales were ...37½@3 00 lbs.

...market has not been very active, sales ...low as last week, but prices are firm, ...and there appears no low ebb in prospect ...nge in prices. We quote dlogs at 10@ ...ge in selling at 10@10½c.

...market shows but a slight variation from ...e to activity. Good Sheep have been ...ly and have changed as regards prices ...made from those ruling last week.

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5 50	@6 00	5 25	@5 75
4 50	@5 25	4 50	@5 00
3 75	@4 50	3 75	@4 50
2 50	@3 75	2 50	@3 75

...—

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE--BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1876.

The Poet's Corner.

MISMATED.

BY LUNA S. PECK.

A hawk once courted a little white dove,
With the softest of wings and a voice full of love,
And the hawk—O yes, as other hawks go—
Was a well-enough hawk, for aught that I know.

But she was a dove,
And her bright, young life
Had been nurtured in love,
Away from all strife.

Well, she married the hawk; the groom was delighted,
A feast was prepared, and the friends all invited.
(Does any one think that my story's not true?
He is certainly wrong; the facts are not new.)
Then he flew to his nest,
With the dove at his side,
And soon all the rest
Took a squint at the bride.

A hawk for his father, a hawk for his mother,
A hawk for his sister, and one for his brother,
And uncles and aunts there were by the dozens,
And O, such a number of hawks for his cousins!
They were greedy and rough,
A turbulent crew,
Always ready enough
To be quarrelsome, too.

To the dove all was strange, but never a word
In resentment she gave to the wrangling she heard;
If a thought of the peaceful, far-away nest,
Ever haunted her dreams, or throbbed in her breast,
No bird ever knew;
Each hour of her life
Kind, gentle and true
Was the hawk's dove-wife.

But the delicate nature too sorely was tried;
With no visible sickness the dove drooped and died;
Then loud was the grief, and the wish all expressed
To call the learned birds and hold an inquest.
So all the birds came,
But each shook his head:
No disease could he name
Why the dove should lie dead;

'Till a wise old owl, with a knowing look,
Stated this: "The case is as clear as a book;
No disease do I find, or accident's shock;
The cause of her death was—*too much hawk!*
Hawk for her father and hawk for her mother,
Hawk for her sister and hawk for her brother,
Was more than the delicate bird could bear;
She hath winged her way to a realm more fair!
She was nurtured a dove;
Too hard the hawk's life:
Void of kindness and love—
Full of hardness and strife."

And when he had told them, the other birds knew
That this was the cause, and the verdict was true!
—*Vermont Watchman.*

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

A YOUNG RECRUIT.

A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY J. H. WOODBURY.

A hundred years have passed away since David Allen was a boy. But after all, that is not a very long time.

The years seem longer to the young than to those who have lived them,—as the young soon enough find out. The longer we live, the shorter seem the years. But why should I say it again?

A great deal has happened in that hundred years; not the least of which is—you and I have been born. Very few in the world know that, however. But a great many more important things—though they can hardly be more important to us—have happened, you know as well as I need not mention them. But as it is not likely that you have ever heard how David Allen went to the war, I will tell you about that.

You must know that David was the son of a deacon, who had been blessed—as the good old man would have it—with four other sons and seven daughters; and it was not a very large family for those times. There were only three millions of people in the whole thirteen colonies then; so it does seem that, if they counted all the children, there could not have been a great many old folks.

However that may have been, of all the deacon's twelve, David was the only one left at home, in the fall of 1775; because he was the youngest. The others were all married and gone away, save two; and those two had been for more than twenty years in a brighter and better home, the father and mother both believed.

David was seventeen. Ever since the battle of Lexington it had been hard for him to remain at home. He longed to go and help drive out the British, he said; but his father hardly thought that such a boy as he could really be in earnest in such a matter. "David loves to talk," the old man used to say to his wife, "but I guess, after all, he wouldn't really care to go."

The father did not know his boy so well as he thought he did; for one day, latein the fall, when they were making some repairs on the sheep rick near the barn—you must know that the deacon was a farmer—David said to him,—

'Don't you think, father, you could get along without me, this winter?'

The father stopped in his work, and looked at David thoughtfully. 'Do you want to go away?' he asked, at length.

'I would like to join the army, father.'

'You join the army, David! Why, *you* are only a boy!'

'But you say I can do a man's work, father!'

'Ay, on the farm; but I did not mean in the army. They need *men* there!

David's young blood was up. 'If I can do a man's work anywhere, I can do it in the army, father! I can hit a squirrel as far as any man who has gone from these parts!'

'Like enough, David; you are a good shot, I'll allow; but red coats ain't squirrels, you know!'

'But I could help drive them out,' said David, more calmly. 'There need more men to take the place of those who are going home. It seem as if I might go, father, this winter. I wouldn't think of staying any longer, of course.'

'You had better ask your mother, David, and see what she thinks about it.' And the deacon resumed his work, as if he had no more to say.

The very fact that David had spoken in such a way was proof enough to the deacon that David he decided to go. Therefore his heart grew heavy, for he felt that he must lose even this last child, for a time, at least.

When they went into the house, after completing their work, David spoke to his mother, when his father was not near. 'I don't know, mother, but I shall join the army; I've been talking with father about it.

'David,' said she, as soon as she could recover from her surprise,' do you know you are all we have? You wouldn't go away and leave us?'

'Of course I wouldn't, mother,—only to help drive out the redcoats. Some of the men are going home, you know, and they need others to take their place.'

'I s'pose we'll have to let him go, Hannah,' said the deacon, who after all had overheard them. 'He's only a boy, but I don't know as we ought to try to keep him at home, if he's willing to go. The country needs men, and boys too, now.'

'Oh, David! Oh, my son! I did not think it would come to this. But if it is God's will, I will not say nay.' The mother's voice trembled, and she sat down to weep.

A week later, David was ready. It was sixty miles to the American camp, at Cambridge, and he would make the distance on foot. A pack for his back had been made ready, containing such things as he would most need. On the morning he was to set out, the good mother rose long before daydawn—having hardly closed her eyes all through the long night—to prepare the best breakfast the farm could afford. The deacon sat before the fire, that crackled and blazed so cheerily on the broad hearth, while his wife went busily about,—but he, too, was heavy of heart. When breakfast was over—and except by David it remained almost untouched—he took down the Bible from its shelf over the fire-place, and read passages that evidently expressed in some degree his own feelings. Then he knelt, and said, 'Let us pray.'

The prayer seemed to give him strength. Rising when it was finished, he said,—

'Now, David, it's time to go, you ought to get to Marlboro' to-night, and its a good forty miles. Of course you can't do it by daylight, but you'll have a good moon after the sun sets, and they are most always up at Howe's. Never fire a shot, David, but in the fear of the Lord! Come, Hannah, say good-bye.'

She could not utter the words, but she pressed her son in her arms, and he went out from her sight.

At the crossing of two roads, half a mile on his way, a maiden was waiting; although it was so early and a frosty morning. When David came near, she went to meet him; and yet she said, 'Oh, Dave, I was hoping you would not come!'

'Not come, Alice! You would not have me show the white feather so soon, would you?'

'I'm afraid to have you go, David. What if you should—get hurt? I would rather you would not go.'

'I shall come back all right, Alice. And, if I should'nt, there are plenty more as good as I.'

'David!'

The maiden's voice was very soft and sad, and her eyes grew moist. She looked upon David so reproachfully that he was cut to the soul. He put his arms around her, very gently, and kissed her. 'I didn't mean it,' said he.

'I know it, David. You *couldn't* mean it! Oh, David, I would rather you would go, than say that—if—if—you meant it!'

He kissed her again. 'I *must* go,' he repeated; but I'll come back.'

'I suppose—you will have to go now,'—the words seemed to come hard,—' and mother has knit some mittens, that she wants you to carry to Ephraim;—and this letter, too. 'Here's another pair for you, David.'

'Did your mother knit these?' he asked, turning over the last pair, evidently admiring them.

'No, David.—I knit those.'

'You're an angel, Alice!'

'No, I'm not, David.'

'No, of course not; I didn't mean that, either. Angels can't knit such mittens as these! I would rather have you than an angel, any time, Alice!'

'Oh, David, how can you talk so?'

'I can't help it, Alice. But I must be going along. Be a good girl, and don't forget me. Good-bye!'

'Good-bye!'—O how reluctantly.

She watched him, till he was out of sight, and even then she could hardly turn her face homeward.

Of course it will be understood that it was to the army under Washington, then belesguering Boston, that David went. He arrived in camp on the second day, and in hardly more than a month from that time he was sent with a detachment to assist in fortifying Lechmere Point, directly opposite the west end of Boston, in what is now known as East Cambridge.

General Putnam had already taken possession of a commanding eminence in the same neighborhood, called Cobble Hill, and he now wished to erect works at Lechmere Point to be connected with those on Cobble Hill by a bridge thrown across the intervening creek, and a covered way; he therefore availed himself of a foggy, misty morning to commence operations at the Point.

It was the 17th of December. The mist was so thick that the enemy did not discover what was going on till near twelve o'clock, when it cleared up, and opened to view the party at the point, and another at the causeway throwing a bridge over the creek. The Scarborough ship of war, anchored off the point, poured in a broadside. The enemy in Boston threw shells. The garrison at Cobble Hill returned fire, 'Our men,' says the account, 'were obliged to decamp from the Point, but the work was resumed by the brave old general at night.'

The next morning the enemy resumed their fire. Sentinels were placed to give notice of a shot or shell; the men would crouch down or dodge it, and continue on with their work.

For several days this labor was continued; three redoubts were thrown up, and a covered way was constructed leading down to the bridge; all done under a continuous fire from the enemy. Still, from a want of powder, the damage that Putnam was enabled to do the enemy seems to have been of no great account. 'Everything thaws here except Old Put,' remarked an officer, in writing of the matter. 'He is still as hard as ever, crying out for powder —powder—powder. Ye gods, give us powder!'

David Allen was with the party who went down that foggy morning to take possession of Lechmere Point. Ephraim, of whom Alice had spoken, was also of the party;—for Ephraim was the brother of Alice, and before enlisting, David had sought him out, and would join no other company but his.

'I hope we'll get a chance at them now,' said David to Ephraim, as they labored together on the works. 'I've got every ball I started with yet, and I'd like to begin to get rid of them.'

'You'll have a chance before long, Dave. Old Put is bound to stir them up in some way. It would'nt be at all strange if some of them should come over here, as soon as it clears up.'

'I hope they will!' was the almost breathless reply; 'and I hope we'll be ready for them.'

The fog lifted, at last, and then the frowning broadside of the great war ship appeared dangerously near. Still no one flinched in his work, though many anxious glances were turned toward those threatening guns. Suddenly they belched forth in quick succession great jets of lurid flame, and the murderous iron came hurtling into the unfinished works. The men crouched low; all escaped unhurt, and at once they resumed their labors.

In their excitement some of the men hardly deigned to even stoop again for the balls that followed. Neither David nor Ephraim paid much attention to them; and still all escaped unharmed.

But at last, something dark flashed between the two friends. 'Down!' cried a stern voice near them; and David sank as if in obedience to the command. But a groan escaped him, and at a glance Ephraim saw that one of his limbs had been almost torn away. A chain shot had struck him, and he lay helpless, while his lifeblood poured out upon the cold ground.

'Put something round it quick, Eph, and draw it tight,' was the poor fellow's first utterance.

Others sprang to Ephraim's assistance, and binding up the wounded limb, they bore the brave youth away. 'It's too bad,' he said, as they lifted him up; 'I haven't fired a single shot for my country yet; and now I never shall.'

But suffering is a great softener of the human heart, and when David had undergone amputation at the surgeon's hands, he said to Eph. one day—he always called him Eph.—' Perhaps it's just as well. I might have shot some one who has a father or mother, or somebody else waiting for him at home. I wouldn't like to know that I had done that;—and I suppose they've most all got friends—somebody waiting for them. If they would only go home without fighting, 'twould be the best way.

'They've no notion of doing that, Dave. We've got to start them!'

'I know it. It's too bad. I wouldn't care to kill so much as a squirrel now. But, of course, they must be driven out. They are the slaves of a tyrant!—and we'll be so, too, if we don't drive them out. It's too bad I can't help do it.'

David bemoaned his fate, not so much for the loss of his limb, as that he could no longer help to rid his country of its foes. But his convalescence was as rapid as youthful vigor could make it, and in a few weeks he was able to bear the journey homeward.

He had tried to keep from his father and mother, for a time, the news of what had befallen him; but Alice heard of it one day, and told them. On the day following, the deacon, who had been on the road nearly all night, was in the American camp inquiring for his boy. He had left Alice with the poor mother, to help take care of things till he should return.

The father and son met. 'It's too bad,' were almost the first words David said, as he held the old man's hand. 'I'm sorry, father. I won't be worth much to you now, but I wanted to help drive them out.'

'It's only a leg, David; never mind! If God spares you now, you ought to be thankful, and I shall be satisfied. You've done nobly, David! You'll be worth more to me now than you ever was before!' The old man's eyes grew moist and his voice trembled, but he was proud of his poor crippled boy.

Being assured of David's recovery, the deacon hastened back to relieve the suspense of those he had left at home. They would see David again, he said, though not quite as he used to be. He would have to make a wooden leg for him, but he would get about well enough then.

'God be thanked!' said the mother. 'He will not go away again. God be thanked!'

When David could bear the journey, the deacon again set out, to bring him home. It had been a mild and open winter, almost up to this time, but the ground was now covered with a good depth of snow, and the old wise-heads were saying, 'It's just as I expected; winter never rots in the sky!'

Again Alice came to help do the chores. The deacon said she was every whit as good as a boy, and he felt quite at ease as regarded his cattle and sheep, when he set out with his great old fashioned high-backed sleigh to bring David home. The mother made him take at least half a dozen thick blankets and comforters, and plenty of straw to keep her boy warm.

The deacon always drove at one staid old pace—chug, chug, chug—and he would hardly have urged his horse to a greater speed even to have saved David's life. So the great heavy bells around the horse's neck, resounded at intervals as regular, and almost as far apart, as the tolling of a church bell, and on that still, frosty morning when he set out, might have been heard almost as far away.

But though he made no haste, the deacon lost no time. On the third day, though not till at least two hours after the sun had set, the music of those bells was again heard, faint and low at first, coming over the hills. It was Alice that heard it first, and then she and the mother both listened, as it grew louder and nearer, till the slow but sure old nag had brought his precious burden to the door.

'I told you I'd come back, mother!' said David, cheerily, as she went forward to meet him. 'Didn't I tell you I'd come back?'

'David! David!' was all she could say, till she had pressed him in her arms, and they had entered the house.

I will not attempt to repeat what followed,—especially between Alice and David —when they had opportunity to speak to each other alone. I will only add that they all lived many years longer, and when the old couple passed away, the grandchildren that David and Alice had brought them were among their most sincere mourners.

HOPE'S LIGHT IS SHINING YET.

'Tis true that time may swiftly pass
And years as quickly fly;
And every hope that springs to birth
May wither, fade and die;
And, oh, 'tis true that all our dreams
May in life's darkness set—
But in the chambers of my soul;
Hope's light is shining yet.

Thine was not love that could be cooled
By words or looks of scorn;
Oh, no, it was as pure and deep
As if of angels born!
Thine was that love which sorrow's storms
Nor cruel fate could sever;
It burns on brightly—and it will
Keep burning on forever.

To think thee faithless would indeed
Be casting doubts on high;
Would throw a dark, suspicious shade
O'er angels in the sky!
But, oh, within my trusting heart
No doubts there are as yet;
The lights of faith and hope are still
Within its portals set.

NOTBURGA.

FROM THE GERMAN.

More than a thousand years ago an Emperor held his brilliant court upon the Hornberg. Those days this now desolate spot resounded with mirth and revelry; even the still hours of night were frequently disturbed by the noisy roisterings of the court. But Notburga, the Emperor's only daughter, shared none of these amusements, as they were well suited to her refined mind, and alarmed her piety by their close resemblance to heathen customs. Oppressed as was her breast by the most painful apprehensions, it was not possible for her to enjoy even the most innocent pastimes. Her Otho had gone to the wars, and a year had elapsed since any tidings of his fate had reached her.

When the Emperor remarked his once blooming daughter gradually fading away in all the budding beauty of early youth, he decided in his own mind that the cause of her declining health could only be the result of some romantic attachment. He therefore called her to him one day, and, tenderly embracing her, addressed her in these words: 'Burga, my child, I can no longer bear to see thy silent tears! Let thy cheerfulness and gaiety return. See, I have chosen for thee a fitting consort, the young pagan prince. Dry up thy tears, therefore, and let thy heart rejoice. Be prepared, my dear flower, in three days the bridegroom will be here.'

This communication filled poor Notburga's soul with secret apprehensions; for she dared not open her heart and confess the truth to the imperious and stern father. When the night came, she stood at her casement and gazed upon the moon-illumined clouds and upon the glittering waves of the Neckar, and then turned her eyes towards the gloomy woods which flanked the far-distant mountains. Tears bedewed her cheeks, and, trickling thence, descended on the ramparts. 'My Otho—oh, my Otho! where art thou? has some foreign maiden's beauty driven thy Notburga's image from thy recollection? Has thy heart become colder in the land where the sun diffuses greater warmths? Oh, holy Virgin!' continued she, 'perhaps he has fallen by the sword of the enemy and already sleeps beneath the green turf! Oh, that I was reposing by his side in the cold grave! Alas! why should I remain alone in the world in which my heart is a stranger? See how the roses of my youth are faded! Do they think that, with my cheeks pale as the lily, I can joyfully take my place amidst the guests as a bride when the chosen of my heart is far away? Oh! that I had but one faithful soul to lead me to a wilderness, where I might die far removed from the haunts of men, or live in remembrance of thee alone.'

Her faithful old servant, Caspar, heard her lamentations, and pitied her affliction. He called to her, therefore, from his window below and promised to conduct her over the woody mountain to the secluded chapel of St. Michael, where this pious old man had passed the greater part of his life. 'Then,' said he, 'we will consult with him how you may avert this hateful marriage with the pagan prince.'

Thankfully did the distressed Notburga follow her aged guide. They had already passed unseen through the gates of the castle, and were near the forest when they heard the sound of hoofs behind them. Uncertain as to whether they were pursued, Notburga looked anxiously round, but her fears were changed into an agreeable surprise when she saw the stag which Otho had caught and tamed while yet a fawn.

Bounding joyously toward her, its countenance illumined with almost human intelligence, it seemed to proffer its services. Notburga sprung on the affectionate animal which her beloved Otho had sometimes assisted her to mount in former times. The stag no sooner felt her weight than it proceeded at a rapid pace down the mountain and disappeared with her among the trees of the woody declivity.

Before the trembling Caspar was sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to think of hastening or of calling to her, he suddenly saw the stag bound with his fair burden into the Neckar and swim to the opposite side. For awhile he saw Notburga's snowy arm beckoning to him in the moonlight, but she soon disappeared, concealed by the dark foliage and the shade of night.

When her absence was made known to the Emperor, and he found that none of his servants could give him any information respecting her, he dispatched messengers in all directions to search the banks of the Neckar, whilst he himself mounted his horse and rode out with his retainers to seek her in the castles and cottages in the neighborhood, but his search was vain.

The day after her flight, as old Caspar stood at his little window sorrowfully looking through the small round panes, Notburga's stag made its appearance, and gazed at him in a supplicating manner. 'Ah, couldst thou but speak!' said Caspar, as he hastened to cut it a morsel of bread.

But the stag, instead of thankfully nibbling the food, as was its custom, bent its head and stretched its antiers toward the trusty old servant. 'Ah, must I fix it upon them?' said he, and he attached the bread to its horns. The animal then struck its foot against the ground, as if in token of satisfaction, and, having gratefully regarded him for a moment, sprang, like an arrow from a bow, toward the Neckar. On the following day Caspar again stood at his window, and the stag returned and again presented his horns, to which a large oak leaf was affixed by an embroidered band which Caspar's wife knew to be Notburga's garter. On examining the leaf, the following words were found to be scratched upon it, in almost imperceptible characters—'Notburga thanks him who, through God's grace, sent her manna in the wilderness.'

The tears chased each other down the aged cheeks of Caspar and Else as they deciphered these words. 'I was not wrong,' exclaimed the former! 'the noble beast carried her the bread.'

'Can it be possible, O merciful Saviour!' exclaimed Else, 'that the tender maiden should have no other nourishment than our dry bread?' whereupon she hastened to the buttery, brought some of the best provisions, and, having fastened them in a cloth, affixed to the stag's horns, who lost no time in bounding toward the Neckar. The generous animal continued his duties as messenger and purveyor to his lovely mistress with great regularity, and whenever he appeared the old people always furnished him with the best viands they could procure, in return for which he sometimes brought them back a few grateful words written, as formerly, upon an oak leaf.

The spring was past, and the cuckoo and nightingale were silent, when Notburga's father returned home, but without being able to discover any traces of his daughter. At length, the visits of the white stag to the castle attracted his attention, and as he once saw it standing near the window while Caspar was loading it with a small basket of ripe summer apples gathered from Notburga's favorite tree, he suddenly approached and demanded an explanation of the strange proceeding.

The Emperor no sooner heard the miraculous story than he called for his swiftest steed, and, bidding his train attend him, he pursued the stag with all possible speed. He and his whole party drove their spurs into their horses' flanks, and plunged after the stag into the rapid stream of the Neckar, which it had no sooner traversed than it disappeared among the underwood on the other side. The Emperor, having reached the opposite bank, sprang from his horse and followed the animal's track. But his progress was suddenly arrested; for, to his extreme amazement, he saw the stag incline its antlers toward a narrow crevice in the huge rock, whence a white arm instantly protruded itself and untied the basket.

'That must be my daughter's lily arm!' exclaimed the aged parent. 'To none else can such perfect symmetry belong.' Saying this, he sprang forward, and, before Notburga could withdraw, he seized her hand, and retained it in his iron grasp. But when the nimble stag sprung on one side and the Emperor saw the pale countenance of his daughter, his heart softened, and he thus mildly addressed her: 'Notburga, beloved child of my heart, return with me again to my castle; all shall be forgotten, and thou shall be mistress there as before.'

But Notburga answered, 'The Lord has taken to himself all that could constitute my happiness in this world. I have, therefore, dedicated the rest of my short life to Heaven. Here must I henceforth remain to serve my God;' and notwithstanding her father's entreaties, she calmly but firmly repeated the same words.

This excited the Emperor's choler to such a degree that he attempted to drag her out of the cave by force; but she placed her other hand upon the simple cross which she herself had fashioned of pine willow branches. Enraged at her resistance, he pulled with increased violence, until at last, horrible to relate, the maiden's arm separated from her body and remained in his hands. Both he and all his followers were struck with horror at this sight. Blanched with terror and amazement, the whole party turned their backs and fled, nor was any one that dared again approach the cave where the unfortunate Notburga lay bleeding and helpless upon the rock-strewed earth; but the Lord took compassion upon her, and sent a snake which brought her a bundle of medicinal herbs wherewith to heal the wounds. Inspired and aided by Heaven, she applied these to the parts and quickly recovered.

From that time forth she was venerated as a saint by all the neighboring country, and whenever a penitent sinner came to the hermit of St. Michael's chapel, the pious monk sent them on a pilgrimage to the blessed Notburga, who forthwith prayed for them, and they never failed to return home light hearted and consoled.

At length, at the close of a fine autumn, as the leaves began to fall from the trees, and the variegated tints of the mountains announced the approach of winter, Notburga fell ill, and the hand of death smote her. Then it was that the heavenly music was heard in the air, and the cherubim descended from heaven on their resplendent wings and nore away the soul of the maiden to a resting place of eternal bliss. But ere her spirit utterly departed, she raised her eyes towards the clouds, and, with a sigh, joyfully exclaimed—'Life of my life, I see thou art already there and dost summon me to join thee. I come—I come.' Her beatified soul then quitted its earthly prison, and ascended to the abode of never-dying happiness. In the meantime, the angels wrapped her mortal remains in rich garments and set a royal diadem upon her head. They then placed the coffin on a new carriage, to which they harnessed two milk white oxen which had never borne the yoke; and when the people collected from the neighboring valleys to escort the holy relics to their place of rest, the angels of love accompanied the procession, filling the air with a chorus of heavenly music.

Of a sudden, however, the oxen became restive and refused to advance. This was looked upon as a sign from Heaven, so the body was lifted from the car, and committed to the earth upon the spot where they stood. There the Emperor ordered a church, and caused a monument to be placed in it to the memory of his sainted child. Notburga's stag was never seen again.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal;
This is what is wanted more,
Put thy shoulder to the wheel,
Bread unto the famished deal
From thy store.

Not high sounding words of praise
Does God create 'neath some grand dome;
But thou the fallen raise;
Bring the poor from life's highways
To thy home.

Worship God by doing good,
Work, not words, kind acts, no creed;
He who loves God as he should,
Makes his cart's love understood
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful, mere words weak,
Battering at high Heaven's door,
Let thy love by actions speak;
Wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek,
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's care to smother,
And to brighten eyes now dim;
Kind deeds done to one another,
God accepts as done, my brother,
Unto him.

The Fashions.

SPRING DRESSES.

The first importations of spring suits consist of silk and wool costumes, and show both polonaises and upper skirts.—The polonaises have the Marguerite or, as it is now called, the cuirass back, similar to the Lady Washington dresses now so much in vogue at fancy dress parties.

Dolmans of black Sicilienne are the first spring wraps shown. They are of the shape worn at present, with elbow sleeves, and some few have long mantilla fronts. The trimming is very wide silk galloon and exceedingly rich fringe, with broad netted heading, in which bells, tassels, and braids are interwoven. The Spanish lace mentioned above appears on some of these wraps, and insertion to match is set in up the back in the shape of side forms. Handsome wraps for evening wear are shown in the same design, made of white or else cream-colored cashmere, and braided nearly all over with tinsel braid. Dressy sacques of Brussels net, both ecru and black, are nearly covered with arabesques and other figures made of silk or of cashmere, very neatly applied. Spanish lace edges the garment. Long silk sacques are being made up, with back seams beginning on the shoulders in the way basques are now made.—*Harper's Bazar.*

IMMORTAL BEAUTY.

Beautiful, yes; but the blush will fade,
The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear;
The gloss will vanish from the curl and braid,
And the sunbeams die in the waving hair;
Turn from the mirror and strive to win
Treasures of loveliness still to last;
Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
That the soul may be bright when youth is past.

A Ticket Agent's Mistake.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The express train had come and gone through the rainy December dusk, with its eyes of scarlet fire, and its whizz of escaping steam, and there was only one passenger for Peterbank—a tall, aristocratic looking old gentleman, with a fur trimmed overcoat, gold eye-glasses, and a fringe of snowy whiskers under his chin.

Rolf Otherbrae, the young Scotch ticket-agent, looked at him with that half curious, half indifferent expression wherewith ticket-agents grow in time to regard the world; and the old gentleman lifted up his glassy blue eyes to return the observant glance:

'You are in charge here, I suppose?' said the tall, furry stranger.

'I am, sir,' Otherbrae answered, half offended at the supercilious tone adopted by the new comer.

'Perhaps, then, you can tell me at what time the train from Carrowdale is due?'

'At six-fifty, sir.'

The old gentleman glanced first at the clock on the wall, then at his watch; then sat deliberately down by the fire, as if resigning himself to an hour and a half of waiting. And the early winter twilight did make sure that the switch tender, a hundred yards or so up the snow covered track, had not fallen asleep, and that the signal lights burned clear and steady for the South shore train, which would be along now, almost before they knew it.

And so, naturally enough, Rolf Otherbrae quite forgot all about the old gentleman with the frosty whiskers, and the costly sable furs about his wrists and throat.

The Carrowdale train came in about six minutes or so behind time, for the snow was falling fast, and the rails were slippery—the nurrying passengers dispersed themselves into the gloom and darkness in various directions—except one young girl, dressed in plaids and furs, with a black lace mantilla over her throat, and a single long willow plume drooping over her alabaster pale face, who entered the ladies' waiting room, slightly shivering with the cold.

Mr. Otherbrae, the courteous young ticket agent, advanced towards her; it is but justice to premise that he would have done the same had she been sixty, and pitted with the small pox.

'Can I get you a carriage?' he asked 'Or be of any other service to you?'

'Thanks,' she answered, shyly. 'I expect a friend to meet me here.'

Rolt Otherbrae could not but note, as she spoke, the extreme beauty of the fair, oval face under the willow plume, with its velvety hazel eyes, scarlet mouth, and small, regular features. Ticket agents have eyes —and appreciative ones, too,—as well as the rest of the world. But he turned away with a bow, as the young lady seated herself, as if to wait—and once more the dull, drowsy silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock, settled down upon the room.

Click! The sharp, sudden summons of the little telegraph behind the railed compartment at the farther end of the room—and Mr. Otherbrae, calm man telegraph operator, as well as ticket agent, hurried to his post.

'*B. Otherbrae, Peterbank Station,*' the tongue of the telegraph whispered, with its wiry, clinking sound:'

'From police headquarters. Stop an old man and a young girl—well dressed and plausible. Forgery.

'H. C. DEKO, GENERAL OFFICE, NEW YORK.'

Rolf stared at the quivering wires as if expecting to glean further intelligence from their metallic surfaces; then he looked across the room to where the slender, dark-eyed young lady sat, her hands clasped on her knee, and her eyes fixed intently on the dull fire.

'A young girl, well dressed and plausible!' The description tallied well enough—but then she was alone! And as for *her* being connected with a forger's gang—pshaw! Rolf Otherbrae knew better!

At the same instant she rose and came hesitatingly half across the floor.

'I beg your pardon, sir—but has the express train come in yet?'

'Two hours ago,' Mr. Otherbrae mechanically answered, wondering if it were possible that so fair an outward exterior could conceal the hideous inner life of crime! And then, all of a sudden, it occurred to him that the tall gentleman, in the fur trimmed overcoat in the other room, might possibly be the 'friend' she had spoken of,—and the 'old man' alluded to in the telegram.

At the same instant, advancing a pace or two farther, she caught sight of the tall, erect figure by the fire in the other room—the figure wrapped in furs, with the silvery, aristocratic hair, and the chin drooping on the breast, as if in slumber.

'Papa!' broke involuntarily from her lips. 'He has been waiting for me, and I never knew it!'

She hurried past the ticket agent, into the other room. Rolf Otherbrae looked after her, in dismay.

'I'm to stop her, am I?' thought Rolf. 'And how the deuce am I to do it, I'd like to know? I wish Mr. Deko was here himself.'

An indistinct reflection passed through his mind a sudden shriek rose up in the silence—and Mr. Otherbrae, hurrying into the waiting room, saw the young girl kneeling on the floor beside the old gentleman. And in an instant he perceived the secret of her cry.

The stately old man, with the fur trimmed garments and the snowy beard, was quite dead.

As Rolf advanced she looked wildly up into his face.

'Can't you help him?' she gasped. 'Can't you do something? O, don't you see he has fainted? Tell me where to go for a doctor. Where can I find some one? I have a smelling bottle, but—'

'It is of no use,' Rolf answered, gently, entirely forgetting the telegram, or rather resolved to ignore it. 'My mother's cottage is close by. Let me take you there.'

'And papa? Papa, who has come all the way from India to meet me, and take me home to England?'

'I will send some one to him at once,' said Rolf, swallowing a big lump in his throat, as he felt how utterly useless was all human aid, and adding to himself, 'I don't care if she's committed fifty forgeries, aye, and a murder beside. I won't make a brute of myself by laying so much as an additional straw on the burden of her trouble. It's the sweetest face I ever saw—yes, and the best.'

And so old Mrs. Otherbrae was stricken dumb as she sat by her cosy hearthstone, at ten o'clock at night, by the sudden apparition of a beautiful young lady drowned in tears.

'Don't ask any questions, mother, darling,' Rolf whispered, 'but be good to her.'

And he hurried back to the depot, where the dead man still sat, keeping silent vigil.

Half an hour afterwards Ethel Dewgrove knew that she was an orphan in a strange land.

'Where shall I go?' she faltered, looking wildly around. 'What shall I do? Papa! oh, poor, poor papa!'

'My dear, my dear!' said Mrs. Otherbrae, kindly patting her hand; 'be calm! You need go nowhere; you need do nothing. Rolf will arrange it all. Rolf is the best fellow in the world. Just quiet yourself, and let him manage it all!'

And as Rolf, in the other room, heard the suppressed sobs of the bereaved daughter, he resolved within himself that not all the police agents in Christendom should wrest Ethel Dewgrove from beneath the ægis of his protection.

With these reflections in his mind, he went out to see the midnight train rush in, pause a second on its hurrying way, and then steam onward, like a fire-throated monster, with a vertebra of moving lights.

'Well, we've got 'em!' said Simeon Pike, the conductor, as he swung a stout old lady off the lower steps to Rolf's protecting hand.

'Got whom?'

'The forgers! Went on to Shelton's Point. Jones arrested 'em. Them's 'em by the far window,' with a jerk of his hand towards a certain glimpse of reddish light, where a dull, wicked profile nodded occasionally. 'Real good luck it was. Wish it had been me laid hold of 'em!'

Rolf stared. Then his inner convictions had all been erroneous. He had wronged the tall, hazel-eyed girl by the bare suspicion that she was aught but one of God's most innocent earth-angels. What a dolt—a blockhead he had been! What an idiot! Well, at all events, he was glad *she* never had suspected it.

'Marry Rolf Otherbrae? Marry an insignificant young ticket-agent, with your splendid fortune? Excuse me, Miss Dewgrove, but—'

'What is it, Tom?'

'Wal, there was a gentleman with long whiskers and a professorish-looking cove, talkin' on the 'Merican side, this mor'n, kinder wiseish-like, and I heern him say as how he'd figgered it out that in 7,800,000 years the Falls of Niagara will be worn away, and there will be none left at all.'

'Suppose there isn't,' said the landlord, jocularly: 'that will not affect you. You'll be dead and gone long before then.'

'No; I know it wouldn't affect me, Colonel,' replied the passenger pirate with feeling, 'but I can't bear to think that the chances I'm havin' to make money 'll be taken away from my children.'

And though the landlord tried to console him with a genealogical calculation of the chances yet left for his family, the hackman would not be comforted, and stalked away to meet the incoming train with the air of a man who was bound to make the most of his opportunity while it lasted.

THE LENTEN PRAYER.—O most mighty God and merciful Father, who hast compassion upon all men, and hatest nothing that thou hast made; who wouldest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his sin and be saved, mercifully forgive us our trespasses, receive and comfort us, who are grieved and wearied with the burden of our sins. Thy property is always to have mercy; to thee only it appertaineth to forgive sins. Spare us therefore, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed; enter not into judgment with thy servant, who are vile earth and miserable sinners; but to turn thine anger from us, who meekly acknowledge our evil and truly repent us of our faults, and so make haste to help us in this world, that we may ever live with thee in the world to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord; Amen.—[*The Prayer Book.*

☞ When the Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is, "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide." Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

Anecdotes.

☞ "Is this the way to Aberdeen?" asked a gentleman of a man who was breaking stones. "Noo, whaur did you come frae?" was the thoroughly Scotch answer. "What business is it of yours where I came from?" returned the gentleman, angrily. "Ou, jist as muckle as it is whaur ye're gaun?" replied the lapidary, quietly resuming his occupation.

☞ The other evening, when a Detroiter and his wife felt lonesome, they decided to go over and call on an acquaintance and pass an hour away. 'Ah! I'm glad to see you!' exclaimed the acquaintance as he opened the door, 'Come right in and take off your things. I've got 160 verses of a poem written, and I want to read them to you and see what you think of my talent.'

☞ 'I say, boy, whose horse is that you're riding?' 'Why, it's daddy's.' 'Who is your daddy?' 'Don't you know? Why, Uncle Peter Jones.' 'So-you are the son of your uncle?' 'Why, yes, I calculate I am. You see dad got to be a widower, and married mother's sister, and now he's my uncle.'

☞ John was thought very stupid. He was sent to mill one day, and the miller said: 'John, some people say you are a fool. Now tell me what you do know and what you don't know?' 'Well,' replied John, 'I know miller's hogs are fat.' 'Yes, that's well, John. Now, what don't you know?' 'I don't know whose corn fats 'em.'

☞ 'Class in the middle of geography stand up,' said a schoolmaster. 'What is a pyramid?' he asked. 'A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other.' 'Where is Egypt?' 'Where it always was.' 'Where is Wales?' 'All over the sea.' 'Very well!' said the schoolmaster. 'Stay there till I show you a species of birch that grows all over the country.'

☞ Professor (looking at his watch:) 'As we have a few minutes, I should like to have any one ask questions if so disposed.' Student: 'What time is it, please?'

☞ At a collection made at a charity fair a lady offered the plate to a rich man well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was the curt reply. "Then take something, sir," said the lady; "you know I am begging for the poor."

☞ A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

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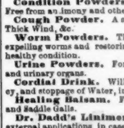

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